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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The great question now waiting to be answered in regard to the advance of Lord Roberts is when and where will the Boers be driven to make a determined attempt to stay his further progress—where will take place the great battle which might decide the fate of the campaign? Since Brandfort was occupied on May 3 the Boers have retired from one position after another without really making any effective resistance. On the 5th Lord Roberts dated his despatch from the Vet River. On the 6th he crossed this river and encamped at Smaldeel Junction, the Boers retreating towards the Zand River and Kroonstad. Lord Roberts also reported that they had retired from the front of Thabanchu which was held by General Rundle's Division. The day after on 7 May Winburg was occupied by the Highland Brigade and reconnaissances on the 8th were made as far as the Zand River where the enemy were in considerable force. On the 10th Lord Roberts crossed the river and found them occupying a position twenty miles in length. In later telegrams of the same day he reported that they were in full retreat, and that the cavalry and horse artillery were pursuing on three roads. Lord Roberts was at Riet Spruit, and the cavalry and mounted infantry at Ventersburg Road, within 25 miles of Kroonstad.

As a mere matter of military pageantry the march of the Naval Brigade through London on Monday would hardly have been more striking than that of the guard which marches to and from the Bank morning and evening. Put so, one realises the immense significance of it on the moral side. It was because these men had helped, as Mr. Goschen said, to save the country from such a disaster as has never befallen British arms, that London made of their presence the occasion for a demonstration which is universally agreed to have been the most remarkable seen in its streets within living memory—and we have the Jubilee years for comparison. Most people who took part in it must have wondered what the demonstration will be like when the victorious army marches along the same route. It cannot be more impressive though it may be more imposing. The profoundest emotions are often aroused by the simplest externals. Suppose we saw the gallant defenders of Mafeking in our midst? Then we might

have a demonstration to compare with that of the Naval Brigade.

The public and the press are right in dropping the subject of the Spion Kop despatches, for no good is done by keeping a sore open. This much however may be said. The best defence of the Government was made by the Duke of Devonshire, who admitted shortly and bluntly that he regretted Sir Redvers Buller had not taken the opportunity offered him by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Roberts of substituting for his original despatch two despatches, one a narrative of the events, the other a criticism of the officers engaged. The narrative might have been given to the man in the street, and the criticism treated as confidential by the Secretary of State. This, as the Duke of Devonshire explained, was all that was meant by the celebrated suggestion to "rewrite," which Sir Redvers Buller resented. There can be no doubt that it would be well in future if generals in the field would put their narrative and criticism into separate documents. The Government would have cut a less sorry figure if Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour had not harped upon their "personal honour." Why not say with the Duke that it was "a difference of opinion"?

Its strongest opponents have never accused the "Times" of a sense of humour. But surely in taking literally Lord Salisbury's statement at the Academy dinner that the power of the Government had passed into the hands of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, Jupiter Tonans has surpassed himself. We imagine that the Prime Minister, having at an interminable feast to make one of an interminable list of speeches, bethought himself of the truth that "gentle dulness ever loves a joke," and sought to promote the flow of soul by a mildly satirical allusion to the fact that a general in the field is a more interesting person than a Cabinet Minister, only for the moment, *bien entendu*. The "Times" takes great umbrage at this, and says, "it is not desirable to dwell on such a statement." Chatham and Pitt, we are further informed, would not have abdicated in favour of victorious admirals or generals. So severe a strain upon allegiance is a difference of taste in jokes!

It is difficult to understand why Mr. Balfour allowed the House of Commons to vote that the letter of Messrs. Rees and Hindley, complaining of Mr. Houston's presence on the Army Contracts Committee, was a breach of privilege, and then prevented the House from taking any further action by carrying the previous question. It would have been better surely

to ignore the breach of privilege by passing to the order of the day before Mr. O'Brien carried his motion, if the Leader of the House thought that the forms in connexion with this offence are cumbrous and ridiculous. But Mr. Balfour and those who supported him, Captain Bethell for instance, seem to assume that a reprimand at the Bar is the only punishment for breach of privilege. That however is not so. One Bidmead was summoned to the Bar some twelve years ago for forging signatures to a petition, and it needed all the dignity of Speaker Peel to save the reprimand from being ridiculous. But some years before that, Grissell, an ex-lieutenant in the Navy, was locked up in the clock-tower for saying that Lord Henry Lennox, as chairman of a committee, was actuated by improper motives. Mr. R. P. Houston rendered great service to the nation by throwing out the damp hay, but that is no justification of his sitting on the committee, when he is chairman of a company which takes Government contracts. None the less, Messrs. Rees and Hindley were guilty of grossly insulting Parliament, and should have been imprisoned by the Serjeant-at-arms until they apologised.

Major Rasch made an amusing speech on Tuesday, but we are not sorry that his motion for limiting the duration of speeches was defeated. A twenty-minutes' limit would have deprived us of most of the orations of Burke and Bright, who did not speak as front-bench men. And why should Mr. Akers-Douglas or Mr. Shaw Lefevre or Mr. Ritchie be allowed a latitude denied to Mr. John Redmond, Mr. Haldane, or Lord Hugh Cecil? The truth is, as Mr. Arthur Balfour said, that the evil is curing itself, for long speeches of three or four hours are quite out of fashion, and an hour and twenty minutes' harangue on undersized fish can only be regarded as a rare atavism. On the other hand, it is an historic fact that the great orators of antiquity, Demosthenes and Cicero, made their speeches under a time limit. The gossip of those days has it that the attendant, whose duty it was to look after the water-clock or sand-glass, was generally bribed by the ambitious orator. It might perhaps be a good plan to limit each member to a certain number of speeches per session.

The most satisfactory feature of the debate on the Housing of the Working Classes Bill is that nobody is satisfied with it—neither the Government that introduce it nor the critics who propose amendments but prefer to accept it rather than be without it altogether. We mean of course that so far as the Bill goes its provisions are useful. Undoubtedly one of the things to be done is to enable Local Authorities to purchase land cheaply outside their own areas. The London County Council found the want of this power an obstacle to their schemes for housing and the Bill provides it. Possibly the effect of this may be more far-reaching than the minimising speeches in the House would allow, for there is always behind housing schemes the question of rates, which terrifies the ratepaying classes whose inertia is one of the greatest difficulty to be overcome. Of the proposed amendments in themselves, the only remark to be made is that if they can be got into the Bill in Committee so much the better.

The Bishop of Winchester's motion, that the Government should give legislative effect to such of the recommendations of the Commission on the licensing laws as are common to the majority and the minority reports, is another instance of the extraordinary ineptitude with which this subject seems fated to be treated by all parties. How can the Bishop have supposed that the matter could be dealt with as he suggested? His plan had not even the merit of being well adapted for obtaining a declaration from the Prime Minister of his real opinions on the necessity, or otherwise, of legislation. It may have been suspected that Lord Salisbury would rather not do anything at all, and was prepared to take an extreme individualist view of the question; but by the form of the resolution he was able to avoid taking up this position, which is undoubtedly dangerous, seeing how many of his influential supporters are decidedly in favour of something being done, and had only to

insist on the impossibility of adopting the method proposed. This he did, and it was not difficult to do.

Lord Kimberley might well say that the inference from the speech was that the Premier doubted whether there should be legislation at all. But until the Archbishop of Canterbury came to the help of his brother of Winchester with the proposition that the Government should bring forward legislation founded upon the report, it remained possible to contend that the Premier did not absolutely take up this attitude. That could hardly be said after the Archbishop's intervention was received in so angry a manner, and his amendment declared to be a motion of want of confidence. However, to Lord Salisbury we may apply what he said of the Archbishop: he may say what he likes, but what we care for is what he does. His extreme individualism is no longer possible; the commission was intended really to discover some way of further interference with the licensing laws, and it cannot be ignored even if it does propose opposing and inconsistent plans. The Government will have to find a *via media*; for the matter can neither be left to extremists nor completely ignored.

The coming of age of the Crown Prince of Germany, Prince William, was celebrated in Berlin with all the splendid ceremonial which the German Emperor delights in aesthetically and employs politically to heighten the prestige of his throne. The presence of the Emperor Francis Joseph gave this event more than domestic importance and Europe was chiefly interested at the effect of the meeting of the two Emperors on the Triple Alliance. All doubts as to its maintenance have been removed by the earnest and evidently sincere speeches of the two sovereigns. In Italy, where suspicion and dissatisfaction had been created by the rumours of disloyalty to the Alliance, confidence and friendliness have been restored. The dihyrambic enthusiasm of the German Emperor and the sedate wisdom of the Emperor Francis Joseph were devoted to soothing their ally. But Italy's satisfaction still remains incomplete, for, unfortunately, the German Government has been forced into a compromise with the Agrarians on the Meat Bill which affects the commercial interests of Italy, though it has modified the much original and more aggressive proposals of the Agrarians.

The Nationalists have obtained some successes in the municipal elections for Paris, but not nearly so great as they would persuade themselves and the country. As the result of the first ballot they gain eight of the eighty seats; thirty of these seats will depend on the second ballot which is to be taken on Sunday and they may win a few more. The Prime Minister, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, has hastened to inform the press that the elections throughout the country show additional progress in the policy of union and Republican defence. On the first ballot more than forty important municipalities have been won by the Republicans: and generally speaking the present Republican majority has been increased in a considerable degree, especially in the large towns. This is interesting in view of the fact that in Paris the Nationalists have won their victories against Socialist candidates, all the Conservative members of the Town Council on the first ballot having been re-elected. It is not improbable, bitterly as the Socialists and Nationalists are now opposed, that if these extreme parties should become more equally balanced, the Socialists might give up their defence of the Republic, and make a deal with their opponents in consideration of the support to be given them in their economic and industrial policy.

In the meantime it is not likely that the elections will alter the general position of affairs. Nationalism is Boulangism, with the difference that there is no Boulanger with plumed hat and prancing charger. And the victory in 1900 is not to be compared with the victory in 1888 except for the purpose of enforcing the lesson that, at the very height of its apparent victory, Boulangism collapsed and that its successor Nationalism will meet the same fate. It is even arguable that if M.

Joseph Reinach had not made the impolitic speech we referred to last week, in which he spoke of the resuscitation of the Dreyfus affair, that the Nationalists with M. Méline would not have had occasion for the jubilation with which they hail the present elections as the condemnation of the Government. The Nationalist agitation is encouraged, but in the Municipal Council the party will not have much direct influence on politics. In Paris the Municipal Council has quite a little encouragement to wander into general politics as our London County Council, for there is always the Prefect of the Seine with his provisional veto to turn their decisions in such cases into the mere resolutions of a debating society.

In spite of M. Millerand's ultimatum to exhibitors to be ready by 12 May or cease their work, we cannot think that it will be strictly put in force. To stop all preparations after Saturday would mean that the Exhibition would be robbed of many of its principal features; that more than one foreign palace would never be opened, that the show, instead of being ready in a month, would never be complete. The only way to assure success for the Exhibition is to allow the workmen to occupy it until they have entirely finished; but, of course, to see that they do not waste their time by gossiping together and rolling cigarettes. Even now, they take things terribly calmly; after an hour's hammering, they hide behind a heap of something to rest; they may be seen to stretch themselves perpetually, yawn, complain, then open the "Intransigent" and the "Patrie." The pits remain; so do many heaps of stones. Mud has taken the place of dust. The Parisian, however, has not yet begun to protest.

The jealousy of Italy anent rumours of Austrian aggression in Albania is not only intrusive and unnecessary, but premature. Of course the Dual Empire covets Albania no less than it covets Macedonia, and in either case sends out commercial agents to prepare for political action. But the prime obstacle remains that the Albanians themselves desire no change. The Christians among them are jealous about their religion, now comparatively respected, but they have not acquired any sense of Albanian nationality, the more particularly as they form but a small minority. The Moslems of Albania have nothing to gain and everything to lose by separation from the Porte. At present the reins of imperial government rest very lightly upon them, they maintain their old feudalism and pay no taxes whether in blood or money to the Empire. Annexed to a Christian State, they would lose these privileges; transformed into an isolated statelet, their political and religious life were not worth many years' purchase. And so perforce they remain loyal, howbeit turbulent on occasion.

Our statement, made last week, that the territories which have lately come under American control are being utilised for the benefit of protégés of Senators who have claims on President McKinley receives startling confirmation from facts adduced by the "Washington Post." Civil Service clerks who were receiving at Washington 1,200 to 1,500 dollars a year are now receiving in Cuba as much as 4,000, charged of course on the revenues of the "liberated" Cubans. But the Post Office accounts are the most instructive of all. Director Rathbone, who has charge of all the postal affairs of the island, is receiving \$6,500 per annum, he has \$5 per diem for his living expenses, he lives in a house in the Cerro for which Cuba pays the modest rent of \$3,000 a year. The revenues of the island also supply him with a carriage and horses, coachman, footman and servants. Altogether it is stated that this gentleman lives in Republican simplicity on \$16,000 a year from the Cuban revenues. We are far from saying that he is not well worth the money, but it is not surprising that many underpaid Civil servants in the United States are eager to take up the white man's burden in the "liberated" lands.

With the convention that is said to have been signed on 14 April between Russia and China, under which the former intends to build a new railway to Peking we

have no right of interference, nor power to oppose the project. Russia's plan of railway building by the unexpected route of Kiachta and Peking may take us by surprise, but she is well within the rights which the delineation of spheres of influence has given her. But it is different with respect to the disregard by the Chinese Government of the concessions of 1858 by which rights of navigation in all inland waters were supposed to be secured. The latest of several instances that have occurred is the case of a steamer, to which permission had been granted to run between Shanghai and the Chusan Islands but which the Customs authorities at Shanghai have suddenly withdrawn on the ground that the phrase "inland navigation" does not apply to coast trade. This is one of the quibbles raised when people do not intend to carry out a bargain, and if the boasted concessions are not to become totally futile we shall have to insist on the Peking Government reversing the decision of the officials at Shanghai, and compensating those who have been injured by their illegal action.

Uganda is not a part of Africa in which extreme interest is shown, as was apparent by the appearance of the House of Commons during the debate on the vote for the railway. And yet it is somewhat startling that the Government which in the first place asked for £1,800,000 as the estimate for construction should have had in the end to ask for £5,000,000. The matter is more serious too because the construction has been in the hands of the Foreign Office. One of the points made was that it ought to have been entrusted to private contractors; but Sir Edward Grey practically gave up the case on this ground. Mr. Brodrick may claim to have proved that the Government alone could have undertaken the work, and Sir Edward Grey made the further admission that the Foreign Office had done as well as the Colonial Office would have done. Both Sir Edward Grey and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman admitted the equal responsibility of the late Government with the present for the general policy of the railway. But it was also admitted that there had been no mismanagement or waste in the actual doing of the work—none of it had to be done twice. The net result—or moral, as Sir Edward Grey calls it—seems to be that the Government estimates were too sanguine, and that it may be hoped they are not still too sanguine in thinking they have asked for all that will be necessary to complete the undertaking. This is pretty obvious, as are most morals.

Mr. Chamberlain's statement to be made on Monday when the Australian Federation Bill will be laid before the Imperial Parliament is awaited with lively interest by all who grasp the significance of the Appeal Clause on the one hand, and are capable of gauging Australasian sentiment on the other. Rumour has it that Mr. Chamberlain insists on the amendment. He has little choice in the matter. It has been made abundantly plain that in voting for the measure the Colonies voted for Federation; the question of limiting the appeal to the Crown was never in contemplation. On the contrary they were distinctly told that Australian unity meant the strengthening of the bonds uniting Australia to the other parts of the Empire. Mr. Seddon puts the case with his usual force when he says that if the Mother Country fails to amend the Bill the responsibility for anything that may happen in the future will be hers. Mr. Chamberlain we hope will go further and make provision in the Bill for the transformation of Australian into Australasian Federation. There is something a little puzzling in the attitude of a colonial statesman so strenuously loyal as Mr. Barton. His literal interpretation of his instructions is not what might be looked for from one of his calibre, and justifies Lord Lamington's departure from constitutional practice in criticising the action of the delegates.

Promotion in high places always provokes excitement even amongst people who are in nowise affected by the shuffling of personages. We are glad to learn that the experience and erudition of Sir Nathaniel Lindley will be added to the new Imperial Court of Appeal in the

House of Lords. As the woolsack has long been known to be the natural and legitimate object of Sir Richard Webster's ambition, it has struck many people as strange that, after waiting so long, he should apparently renounce his claim by accepting the Mastership of the Rolls. But it by no means follows that he has done so. Lord Cottenham and Lord Lyndhurst were both raised to the woolsack from the bench, Pepys having been Master of the Rolls, and Copley having been Master of the Rolls before his first Chancellorship, and Chief Baron of the Exchequer between his first and second tenure of the woolsack. All that the present arrangement signifies we take to be this; that Lord Halsbury has made up his mind to occupy his present position in the next Conservative Government, should the Tories win at the General Election. Sir Richard Webster will receive a peerage, and the salary of the Master of the Rolls is £6,000 a year.

Sir Robert Finlay naturally steps into the shoes of the Attorney-General, and should the custom which has only been broken during the century in the two instances cited above be followed, he would be the next Tory Lord Chancellor! The irony of events is sometimes rather hard to bear, for though Sir Robert Finlay is a good lawyer and a forcible advocate, he is a Scotch Liberal-Unionist of so strait a sect that he will neither go upon a Conservative platform nor allow a Conservative to come upon his platform in the Inverness boroughs. Yet should he succeed Lord Halsbury, he will have practically all the legal patronage, which is a little hard on Conservative barristers. Mr. Carson is to succeed Sir Robert as second law officer, and he is we believe the only lawyer who has filled the posts successively of Irish and English Solicitor-General. Mr. Carson is one of Fortune's favourites, for shortly after he took the apparently audacious step of transferring himself from the Irish to the English bar, Mr. Frank Lockwood's appointment as Solicitor-General made room for his talents. Mr. Carson's promotion is popular, for he is a sound all-round lawyer, and an adroit, humorous, and sometimes enthusiastic advocate.

The sudden break in American rails which occurred in the middle of the week is said to have been due to the inability of certain operators in New York to carry over. Whatever the cause, the result was unpleasant enough, for on Wednesday morning Baltimore and Ohio Common opened 5 dollars down, "not giving any one a chance to get out," as they say in the Street. The chief sufferers by this unreasonable slump were the Germans, for London has taken very little part in the recent rise in Americans. On Friday there came the inevitable reaction, and Baltimore and Ohio Ordinary recovered to 79½ after having been 77, Baltimore and Ohio Preference rose to 83½, while Norfolk Common, which at one time during the account touched 39, were at 34½ on Wednesday and 36½ on Friday.

The story of the Associated Gold Mines is a deplorable record of negligence, incompetence, and possibly of something worse. The price of the shares has fallen in the last twelve months from 14 to 3½, which is not surprising, seeing that the management has been guilty of almost every possible fault, over-estimates of ore reserves, neglect of development work, reckless expenditure, exhaustion of lodes, and all the rest of it. This scandal coming on the top of the Lake View business has certainly subjected the West Australian Mining Market to a severe strain, though of course the value of well-managed properties like those of the Ivanhoe and Golden Horse Shoe companies is nowise affected by the misdoings of their neighbours. The bear account in West Australians was so large that naturally a sharp rise in prices took place on the eve of the carry-over, Lake Views rising from 10½ to 11½, Ivanhoes to 12½, and Horse Shoes to 13½. The triumphant advance of Lord Roberts has naturally made the Kafir market good, though nothing in the nature of a boom has yet begun. Rand Mines have risen during the account from 36½ to 38½, while De Beers have only risen from 27½ to 27½. Welgedachts have risen from 5 to 7½. Consols are practically unchanged at 100½.

PARTIES AND THE EMPIRE.

WE are glad that Lord Salisbury has at length shaken off that lethargy, which seemed to oppress his mind at the beginning of the Session. The Prime Minister's speech to the Primrose League at the Albert Hall was in every way worthy of the national crisis at which we have arrived, and of the speaker's great reputation amongst the statesmen of Europe. It is indeed remarkable, as Lord Salisbury said, how completely popular sentiment has changed towards the Empire in the last ten years. To vary Sir William Harcourt's phrase about Socialism, "we are all Jingo now," and we are informed that Radical candidates nowadays, in Lancashire, in the Scotch Highlands, and in the Isle of Wight, are all obliged to pronounce, however unwillingly, the Imperial shibboleth. The Ross-shire crofter is quite as determined as the Lancashire artisan or the London tradesman to reduce to the obedience of the Queen "the territories which ought never to have been released." To this remarkable result "the splendid intellect" of Mr. Gladstone contributed largely, if unwittingly. Gordon has already been avenged, and Lord Roberts is already "on the high road," as the Premier mildly put it, to retrieve the blunder, the humiliation, that is connected with the name of Majuba. We hope that we may infer in passing from these references to the South African question that Lord Salisbury intends, before committing the destinies of the Empire to the chances of a general election, to take some steps which will place it beyond the power of any section of the Radical party to repeat, in however modified a form, the mistake of 1881. The details of the settlement of South Africa may well be left to the new Parliament: but the annexation of the republics must be formally proclaimed as soon as the British flag flies over Pretoria. If that be done, we have no fear of what may follow. We understand that Mr. Chamberlain is in favour of dissolving Parliament the moment that effective resistance to our arms is over, and without formulating any definite policy for the future. With all respect, we think there is a risk in relying too confidently upon the non-existence of the Radical party. It is quite true that Mr. Gladstone, like Sir Robert Peel, has shattered his party by the errors of his splendid mind. The old Liberal leaders, like the Peelites, have been absorbed by their temporary allies. The Radical party is apparently hopelessly divided by intrigue, by personal enmities, and by absence of a policy. It is very plain that there exists a strong personal antipathy to Lord Rosebery amongst a large body of Radicals in the House of Commons, however popular his lordship may be out of doors. Lord Salisbury sees all these things, and he smiles away Lord Rosebery's attempt to create a Liberal Imperialist party as an "ingenious invention." At a great meeting of his supporters it is natural and fitting that the Prime Minister should dwell, even with unaffected regret, upon the disorganisation of his opponents. But do not let us repeat the blunder of underestimating the enemy's strength. The tide of Imperialism is running strongly. Granted: but who knows that it may not wash Lord Rosebery into office, and Lord Salisbury out of office, whilst the Harcourts, the Morleys, and the Laboucheres are floating about as derelicts? We wish to run no risks: and we must therefore repeat our earnest desire that the absorption of the rebellious republics into the British Empire may be made an accomplished fact before appealing to the constituencies.

From the subject of parties Lord Salisbury turned to the wider question of the Empire in its relation to the rest of the world. Seldom has the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs been more impressive than in his warning to his countrymen that, in the near future, our foreign policy is likely to be more important than our domestic affairs. There was not a trace of alarm in Lord Salisbury's words, which repeatedly emphasised the fact that our relations with our neighbours are peaceful. Lord Salisbury paid an obviously sincere tribute to the correct and friendly calm of foreign Governments during a period which has offered unprecedented opportunities of making mischief. But the absence of anything like bitterness or flurry from the Prime Minister's language only rendered more

significant his reminder that the nation cannot calculate upon a continuance of this state of quiescence, or acquiescence, for two reasons. First because foreign Governments come and go more rapidly than our own, and, second, because in their attitude towards Great Britain foreign Governments are at variance with their peoples. Unpleasant as it is to record, it is nothing but the truth that the European Chanceries have been holding back their peoples from an overt combination against Great Britain. This "root of bitterness against England," which Lord Salisbury like most Englishmen is wholly unable to explain, may be a passing caprice, bred of the passion of the hour, "merely something to satisfy the exigencies of the journalists of the moment," or it may indicate "some deep-set feeling with which at a later date we shall have to reckon." With the courage and sagacity of a great statesman Lord Salisbury bid the nation realise that its only security is "the strength of our own right arm." How true it is that the friendship of a neighbour is just as fluid a factor as his hatred, may be seen from the present attitude of the United States towards this country. During the Cuban war there was a large number of people in this country who sympathised with Spain. They kept their feelings strictly to themselves: not a discordant note was heard in our press; and the British Government prevented a combination of European Powers that would have thrown the American Government on its back. How do the United States repay us? We are treated to all kinds of intrigues and delays over the Alaskan boundary and the Nicaraguan Canal questions: and now at least half the American press and nation loudly proclaim their sympathy with the Boers, and are organising receptions and meetings to welcome their delegates. We shall have to defend our Empire, and we must do it, as Lord Salisbury says, with our own right arm. This, it may be said, is a truism: the question is, how are we to set about the work of defence? Lord Salisbury urges that every Briton should learn to handle a rifle, not by attending periodic meetings at a distance, but in his own home. This sounds like a counsel of perfection, for to many the cost of a rifle and cartridges is prohibitive, and to the dwellers in towns at all events the question of space is a difficulty. It would no doubt be an excellent thing if the various Primrose Habitations, in addition to eating buns and romping in the squire's park, were to form rifle clubs. For we agree with Lord Salisbury that conscription is for the moment out of the question, and that what is necessary to overcome the various difficulties is a steady concentration of the national mind upon the problem of Imperial defence. Whether the members of the Primrose League would be acting within the articles of its constitution in devoting their energies, and perhaps some of their funds, to teaching young Britons how to shoot, we do not know. But we are very sure that great as has been the service of the League to the Empire in the past, it could undertake no more useful and patriotic task in the future than that which was commended to it by Lord Salisbury.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

THE war news from South Africa still continues to be copious and satisfactory, and Lord Roberts' advance has been steady if not rapid. Rumours once more reach us of friction between the two Republics. But too much reliance should not be placed on them. There seems little doubt that the Boers in front of Lord Roberts are on the run; and the main point of interest just now is whether they will have sufficient self-control not to run too far. One notable feature in this second phase of the campaign is the rapidity with which some comparatively junior officers have come to the front. Generals Pole-Carew, Ian Hamilton and Ridley are cases in point.

In Natal Sir Redvers Buller's army is still stationary; and is indeed likely to remain so, until Lord Roberts has entered the Transvaal. The country between Ladysmith and Van Reenan's Pass is said to be clear of the enemy, and the Boer trek into the Transvaal may already have begun in earnest. As to the Free State campaign: since we announced last week the capture

of Brandfort—which marked the first stage in Lord Roberts' advance—many things have happened, and the mass of official telegrams we have received has been somewhat confusing. Brandfort—which is thirty miles north of Bloemfontein—was occupied without much trouble, and with little loss. General Pole-Carew's division advanced against the Boer centre, and both his flanks were securely covered. In the issue the Boer army under General Delarey retired in a north-easterly direction. On the 5th Lord Roberts himself marched with this force to the Vet River, where he found the enemy in considerable strength on its northern bank. For three hours our guns engaged the Boer artillery. But it was not till dark, and after General Hutton's mounted infantry had turned the enemy's right, that the passage of the river was forced. Of this turning movement Lord Roberts speaks in terms of the highest praise, and reports that the Colonial contingents from Canada, New South Wales, New Zealand and Queensland vied with each other in their determination to close with the enemy. The naval guns and the artillery too made excellent practice, and in the end 25 Boers and a Maxim were captured. That night a bivouac was formed within three miles of the river. On the following morning the main body crossed, and during the day Smaldeel Junction was occupied. A halt then became imperatively necessary. The railway between Brandfort and Smaldeel and the bridge over the Vet River had been considerably damaged by the Boers in their retreat. So the bringing up of supplies was delayed in consequence. Indeed, every few hundred yards charges of rackarock were found. On the 7th General Hutton's mounted infantry reconnoitred as far as the Zand River, and there found the enemy in considerable force. The Boers crossed the river, and retired rapidly in a north-easterly direction. While these operations were being conducted under the eyes of the Commander-in-Chief, the force under General Ian Hamilton was making a simultaneous advance on the right. It will be remembered that originally he had been sent out eastwards from Bloemfontein, and that subsequently he had struck out in a northerly direction. On the 4th they reached Neel Welkott on the road to Winburg. Throughout their march they were engaged with the enemy; but the most important result achieved was the prevention—by a well-executed cavalry and mounted infantry combination—of the junction of two Boer forces. Two days later General Ian Hamilton was again on the move towards a difficult drift over the Kleine Vet River, and eventually he succeeded in reaching Winburg—20 miles south-east of Smaldeel Junction—which surrendered. Lord Roberts and General Ian Hamilton were therefore well in touch with each other, and the railway between their respective headquarters had suffered little damage. How admirably the combined movement of these two forces was conceived and carried out is well exemplified by the brilliant concentration which subsequently took place. General French joined Lord Roberts on the 9th at Welgelegen—another step northwards—with four brigades of cavalry; and on the same day General Tucker's division, General Ian Hamilton's force, and the heavy guns of the Navy and Garrison Artillery marched there also. The enemy were then holding the northern bank of the Zand River, and on the following day Lord Roberts was able to ascertain their strength. By 9 A.M. on that day—the 10th—he was across the river. But the Boers were then still occupying a strong position, from which they were gradually pushed back. By 12.30 P.M. they were in full retreat. The position which they occupied was twenty miles in length; ours being necessarily longer. The cavalry and horse artillery were at once dispatched in pursuit by three different roads; and considering the strength of this force it is not unreasonable to hope that the Boer retreat may be turned into a rout. Lord Roberts in a later telegram from Riet Spruit modestly described the day as "successful." The cavalry and mounted infantry had reached Ventersburg Road. Happily the casualties were slight. As to the other troops which are on the move in the Free State, the fog of war still to a large extent obscures their dispositions. It is not unlikely that both we and the

Boers may, before long, hear of some unexpected concentration. Senekal—forty miles north-east of Winburg, the importance of which in cutting off the retreat of stray Boers eastwards can hardly be over-estimated—is said to be in our hands. But of this rumour we have as yet received no official confirmation. As regards the 8th Division under General Rundle, we now know that the Boers have retired from the front of Thabanchu, and the strong position they held there is now in our hands. On the 7th General Brabant's colonial division effected a junction with General Rundle. Combined they should sweep the district of such Boers as there remain. From the West comes the news that a reconnaissance from Boshof—90 miles west of Smaldeel—revealed the trekking of a number of Boers northwards. The progress of General Hunter's column is satisfactory. The passage of the Vaal at Winderton was carried without opposition, and the railway from Kimberley is now open. The further advance northwards however must necessarily be slow, since the railway will doubtless require much repair before being serviceable. Lord Roberts' object appears to be to drive the Boers in front of him, to force them to concentrate, and then to deliver a crushing blow. Making was safe at any rate on the 27th, though its scarcity of food is becoming serious. Transports continue to arrive at Beira, and Sir Frederick Carrington's arrangements seem to be proceeding satisfactorily.

A more sensible policy is now being adopted towards the Free State inhabitants, and the hardships and realities of war are at last being brought home to them. All the farms on the march northwards are now carefully searched, and the ponies which have been so largely used in carrying information of our doings to the enemy, are at last being secured for the use of our own troops.

THE SCHOOLS AND THE STATESMEN.

THE House of Commons seemed somewhat surprised at its own good behaviour in the recent debate on the new education code, therein showing unusual knowledge of itself. The House did behave well. It talked more or less about the subject before it; it avoided religious rancour; it took quietly a question over which it usually quarrels violently. From both speeches and division it may fairly be inferred that many of our legislators have some idea of the profound importance of this new start for the elementary schools, this "new hope and new model," to quote from one of themselves. This, if one considers the unintellectual point of view of the average educated man, the abysmal ignorance of the vulgar man of money, the cheap sciolism of the popular, in effect professional, politician, is very high praise. Nor is its significance diminished by inquiry into motives. Professor Jebb's exposition of the new departure in the day school code immediately made it clear to the men of action, who mostly (thank Heaven) prevail in our Parliament, that they were this time dealing with a question of character, a matter of boys and girls, of future English men and women and their lives. In other words they began to see that this was not "education" at all, and so immediately took an interest in the debate. And when they realised that examinations were put away, cramming checkmated, that the teachers were henceforth to teach, and the children to learn; to be trained to grow in mind as in body fit for life and its work; they felt in their heart that here at last was that very sound thing which Britons name by the very unsound term "common sense." The new model's success in Parliament was assured. We have never had any doubt that the English public would support the change *con amore*, once it understood the significance of making the general condition of a school the test of its efficiency rather than the number of subjects taken up and the abundance of precocity amongst the scholars. Also, we fear, the good conduct of the House must be put down, at least in part, to the cowed condition of the machinists in education, who have usually dominated these debates. These gentlemen found themselves in the same position as their confrères on the London School Board, where the national reception of the new code has worked a wondrous change in the

followers of Mr. Lyulph Stanley. In the House, this type, rejoicing in the mysteries of a technique which a robust intelligence would never trouble itself to master, have usually silenced all others by the liberal use of technical terms. On this occasion, when the Commons resolutely declined to be drawn from realities to names and forms, these gentlemen shrank into a very docile attitude: and the debate rose proportionately in importance.

One might have wished that Professor Jebb's motion had been allowed to pass without challenge, and the whole proceedings been untouched with the trail of party. But these things must not be taken too seriously. It would be a great mistake to suppose that in the House taking sides means differences of opinion; it only means differences of party. Party is necessary to representative government (which may not be necessary at all) and if all are on one side, you cannot play the party game. That the fielders want to take the place of the batters and therefore do all they know to get them out is no evidence of difference of view as to style and theory in cricket. The object of Mr. Hutton's amendment was not to damage the new code but to damage the Government who was chaperoning it. What amount of sincerity there was in the amendment as an educational proposal may be gauged by the mover's speech. Mr. Hutton said that "in his opinion the effect of the block grant—not generally speaking but as it existed in the code—would be this—that the worse a school was the more money it would obtain, and the better a school was the more money it would lose" and thereupon moved "that this House approves of the adoption of the principle of the block grant contained in the new code"! The difficulty of the Opposition was that they could not help approving of the block grant, while they wanted to attack the Government; so they adopted the ancient device of fastening on subsidiary points, the position of the higher grade schools, the age limit, and the grant for pupil teachers. As Sir John Gorst pointed out, 94 per cent. of the elementary school children are not concerned with higher grade schools; therefore important as it is in itself, the question of the more advanced schools which touch some 350,000 children is a small one compared with the institution of the block grant which affects the school life of over five millions. What differences there were amongst members did not arise over the real question before the country; so that the debate may be declared an endorsement by the House of the new system.

In saying this we are not at all forgetting that one or two gentlemen opposed the "block grant" root and branch. Fortunately for political leaders, one or two gentlemen do not make an opposition. As Tories ourselves, we cannot help self-congratulation that Mr. Broadhurst's speech was not made by a Conservative, as, to tell truth, it was very likely to be. It was very much the kind of utterance the Sir Blundell Maple type of Conservative affects. Mr. Broadhurst says the new code is "Socialistic." Well, in the sense that it puts society above the individual, that it prefers the welfare of working-class children generally to giving prizes to a few who have a turn for cramming and examinations, it is socialistic. It is socialistic in the noblest sense of that long-suffering word, in the sense which must give to Socialism, apart from its political profanation, a certain loftiness to which no man, who is not either without a heart or without a head, can be wholly insensible. Emphatically, the new code does tend to teach children to think little of competition; to care not to outstrip others but to improve themselves; rather to bring their fellows forward with them than to leave them behind. Prize-giving and prize-taking may be a permanent factor, possibly a necessary stimulus, in the common life of this work-a-day world; but at any rate do not let us set it up as an ideal in the schools, where more excellent ways are still possible, where the master light *should* not, at any rate, have faded into common day.

THE ASHANTI RISING.

ON 5 April news was received in Accra that tribal fighting had begun about Kumasi and that the Governor Sir F. Hodgson with Lady Hodgson was in

that town. The resident magistrate of Kumasi, Captain Donald Stewart, was in this country but it was known that three hundred Hausas under Captain Parmeter were on the spot and no serious trouble was anticipated. However on the 9th a hundred out of the 800 Hausas, who make the garrison in Cape Coast and Accra, were despatched as reinforcements. In a day or two much uglier stories began to come in; the Governor was reported to be a prisoner, several white men were said to have been massacred, and there were fears for Cape Coast itself. These rumours were promptly contradicted, but a gunboat was ordered from Sierra Leone to Cape Coast, and on 14 April fifty volunteers set out for Kumasi, while a force of bluejackets was landed to protect the coast towns. Up till then the British garrison had apparently not been absolutely attacked, though a policeman carrying a message from the Governor was shot; and the tribe of the Bekwais, through whose country the road lies from the river Prah to Kumasi, had shown every disposition to remain loyal. Still the situation was serious, and aid had to be fetched from the Niger where was stationed the strong West African Frontier Force organised by Colonel Lugard in 1898. On 16 April four officers and 250 men of the Lagos Constabulary (who number in all some 500) were despatched from Lagos. The gap thus left could be filled by moving down troops from the Frontier Force which had two main camps—at Jebba, which is the head of the navigable reach of the lower Niger, just below the first rapids, and at Lokoja where the Niger meets the Benue. It is well to clear up a point which has mystified the "Times" a good deal. A suggestion that the troops might come overland from Jebba was ingenuously taken to mean that they might march direct through Upper Dahomey, crossing French territory and thus enter Ashanti from the East. Our relations with the French on the West Coast are excellent at present, but they are not so idyllic as to admit of moving troops across their border. The point was that the Niger is very low at present, and that the two hundred miles of river which separate Jebba from Lokoja and the remaining three hundred to the sea were not easily to be traversed. Accordingly the troops from Jebba marched overland to Lagos covering the distance—over 200 miles—in eleven days; those from Lokoja coming by the Niger and the sea did not make the journey quite so quickly. The body of men thus withdrawn from the Niger territories amounted in all to about 1,100—leaving some 1,400 behind them, a larger force than sufficed in the days of the Niger Company. This expeditionary column was due to land at Cape Coast early in the week; it is under the command of Colonel Willcocks, Colonel Lugard's second in command. A small detachment of the Sierra Leone Frontier Police was also despatched by steamer; and from the northern district of the Gold Coast Protectorate itself—the countries whose possession was disputed by the French and which are still under a purely military administration—troops were sent down from the two main posts of Gambaga in the north and Kintampo in the south of this territory.

Setting aside this latter contingent, it will appear that a force of about 1,400 trained men was sent to the Gold Coast from our other territories in West Africa—1,100 from the Niger, 250 from Lagos, 50 from Sierra Leone. The advance party consisting of the Lagos and Sierra Leone Constabulary marched on the 19th and were to be expected in Kumasi about the 28th. But before they got there serious fighting had broken out, which is described in two telegrams despatched by Sir F. Hodgson on 27 April. On the 23rd a force was sent out to clear away the rebels who were massing to the east of the town, and in the action four Hausas were killed. On the 25th the rebels surrounded the town, the Basel missionaries were withdrawn from their mission which lies on the outskirts of the place, and the Hausas were called in from their cantonments to take up a position round the fort. The garrison amounted to three hundred and sixty, of whom eighteen were Europeans including six missionaries: but they had the assistance of a considerable force of native allies and three friendly chiefs were actually in the fort. Four hours' fighting ended in a repulse of the assailants: twenty friendlies and two Hausas were killed. On the

30th the attack was renewed and lasted for three hours; two more Hausas were killed and at half-past three the Ashantis withdrew. Two hours later the relieving column marched in having fought its way through. They had been attacked at Asagu on the way up and incurred twenty-four casualties but the heaviest fight took place on the 30th two miles from Kumasi where the road was stockaded. A body estimated at 8,000 resisted them here and 135 of the police—nearly half of their number—were hit. Happily in the two engagements they lost only three killed and most of the wounds were trifling. The number of drilled troops in Kumasi was thus raised, allowing for casualties, to somewhere close on 600; the newcomers were lodged in the prison stockade and it became possible to extend the defensible enclosure considerably, thus lessening the dangers of disease.

Such is the situation; what does it mean? First, the revolt is incorrectly described as a revolt of the Ashantis; it is a revolt of the Kumasis, the leading tribe or clan of the old Ashanti power; the Bekwais for instance who are our allies were formerly part of the Ashanti kingdom. The Kumasis, whose country includes the town and stretches a good way to the north and east of it, must be numerous since on the 30th they were able to attack seriously both the fort and the relieving column. No importance however can be attached to the numerical estimate, since the whole country is the densest bush in which clear sight is impossible. Advance through it can be made only in single file and ambushes cannot be avoided, for the simple reason that the jungle on each side of the path is practically untraversable. There ought however to be a road ten yards wide from Kumasi to the Prah, and presumably, since we have occupied Kumasi for some years, it really is kept open; but even so surprises are bound to happen. On the other hand the tribes are armed only with trade guns and the nature of the casualties shows sufficiently what happened; a volley was poured at short range from the bush out of muzzle-loading weapons mostly charged with scraps of old iron. But when it comes to attacking the garrison of Kumasi the conditions are such as to give no chance to an enemy armed in this way: a hundred men with modern rifles behind a stockade with a space cleared around it can keep off many thousands. There is therefore no cause for anxiety about the garrison: and the column under Colonel Willcocks, though it will probably be attacked, has nothing to fear on its march to Kumasi. When the punitive expeditions begin and it is necessary for comparatively small bodies to force their way through the forest paths, there will no doubt be some small loss of life, but so long as the revolt remains merely local nothing serious need be apprehended.

And on the whole it seems that the revolt is local. So far no certain cause has been assigned. The notion that the country rose to prevent us from getting possession of the famous golden stool of the Ashanti kings cannot be taken seriously, though the threatened capture of so great a fetish might well be the spark to powder. Disaffection is only natural in a country so recently subdued and the Kumasis are the tribe to which Prempeh himself belonged. If it is merely this—the revolt of a clan eager to regain its old headship—no importance attaches to the matter. A far more serious ground of apprehension has been suggested by those who see in this the recrudescence of the hut-tax trouble. Against this view may be urged the friendly attitude of the Bekwais; but it is a fact that Sir F. Hodgson stated before the outbreak that direct taxation would be imposed, and that leads to a thing which must be said. In Sierra Leone we simply drove a population of friendly natives into revolt by imposing on them a tax which they held we had no right to impose, seeing they were bound to us only by treaties of friendship and commerce, and a tax which they reasonably resented as unjust, seeing that it was imposed only on the Protectorate not on the Colony. In Ashanti we hold by the right of conquest which all men recognise, black or white, and we are not likely to repeat the injustice of differential taxation. But direct taxation of any kind in a country so raw and savage is a very questionable expedient, and a general rising against us in West Africa would

be a very awkward matter. The news of these disturbances has been a signal for outcry in the press that West Africa needs more troops and better ways of communication. No doubt if the country were covered by a network of railways and held by twenty thousand soldiers we could police it more thoroughly; but these things cost money, and Parliament insists that West African expenses should be defrayed by West Africa. As things are, we hold strongly that the existing force is sufficient: we have been able to despatch very quickly an ample force to the scene of conflict without weakening our garrison unduly at any point. There are no railways, but are we justified in saying that a population which does not want railways must have railways and must pay for them? We tried the experiment in Sierra Leone and caused a rebellion with heavy loss of life on both sides. If we insist on levying from the natives of the Gold Coast the cost of the railway that is projected, in order that the mines may be exploited and Englishmen may become rich, there will certainly be another outbreak, which will cost not only blood but money to put down. Would it not be wiser and better for the Imperial Parliament to pay for the railway, if railway there must be, rather than pay for putting down the revolt?

ART AND IMPERIALISM.

THE Royal Academy Banquet used to be treated with a decent awe by the Press; an appreciation of its comic aspects appears to be spreading on all hands. The annual spectacle of "men chosen from among the most distinguished representatives of all walks of life" to eulogise the Academy, who one and all confess that they have no claim to be heard on questions of art, reached a climax this year in the Archbishop of Canterbury's announcement that his qualification for the post of eulogist lay not only in his unrivalled ignorance of art, but in his being no longer able to see the pictures of his hosts. He did his best to retrieve this blunt statement by a stout assurance that the Academy had elevated the taste of the people, and indeed produced a love of art and refinement in the country. But it is the Master of Trinity who really commands the special language in which these tributes are best conveyed. "Many of us who could not pronounce one word of respectable criticism upon any one of these works of art that we see before us" has just the high magnanimous note of the necessary disclaimer of any right to speak on the subject that inspires confidence in the praise that follows, and it followed in phrases like "my deep, my profound reverence for your illustrious brotherhood and for the high mission which you fulfil." How deep, nay how profound must be the emotion of the illustrious missionaries thus addressed! For example Sir Edward Poynter had to receive this peroration discharged at him: "... the exercise of those magnificent traditions of which you, Sir, and your illustrious brotherhood are the accredited and highly honoured, and—I will add, as you would wish me to add—the deeply responsible inheritors." Sir Edward is a very honest workman, according to his lights, but imagine his state of mind as he considers whether the "water babies" and their bath that are his contribution this year to the magnificent tradition are equal to the deep responsibilities of their illustrious mission. But these augurs of our State are never even tempted to smile, and when one scholastic personage exhorts another, the realities of the situation may well be sunk in view of the lofty elegance of the sentiments expressed.

Lord Salisbury, after the delightful phrase about sculptors ("Everybody," he probably said to himself, "has to look at the pictures in an exhibition, but no one pretends to look at the sculpture") sailed away into safer because vague regions of speculation. The time, he said, was not favourable for art, but when the battle-fields were over there would come a period of reaction and repose specially favourable for the cultivation and flourishing of the arts to which the Academy is dedicated and devoted. "And I think we may console ourselves with the thought that there is some co-ordi-

nation in the enthusiasm and the emotions by which the human mind is animated, and that when men's minds dwell with special force upon some great subject of human interest it appears as if the vehemence of their emotions extended itself to other and higher subjects of imaginative study. We find that those centuries which have been fullest of conflict and the shock of arms have also been the centuries in which the artistic genius of human nature has flourished the most brightly. . . . Let us hope that the consequence of the war will be in many departments of human thought the beginning of new ideas, of new arrangements . . . that it will be the starting-point of a new development in your splendid art."

Such a speculation is tempting and encouraging; it seems reasonable to suppose that moments of national expansion and self-consciousness will be accompanied or followed by a blossoming time of art. Vigour, wealth and leisure, deeply stirred emotion would seem favourable conditions, and history would seem often to make good the promise. But history would also prove how capricious are the visitings of art, and that growing old, she grows ever more fastidious and incalculable. She has an organism and a history of her own across the histories and revolutions of nations and will not always trouble herself when they are troubled. The great masters do not always come punctually at great moments; history might pronounce some of them, for her purposes, overdue and misdirected. The life of art has tended to detach itself from public office and events, and to become a fund of reverie into which men's spirits may withdraw; the characteristic modern arts of music and landscape are such retreats. But apart from these considerations a glance at modern history would have shown Lord Salisbury how uncertain is the response of the arts to the shock of arms. Where is the new development that ought to have followed the victories of Prussia and the enthusiasm that made of Germany a nation? Rather these marked the end than the beginning of a great period of music and poetry, and the harvest has been many times richer in the discouraged and beaten country. A yet more striking case was suggested by the presence of a Japanese prince at the banquet. The "new ideas and arrangements" in that country, culminating in the shock of arms, have effectually ended the ancient and extraordinary arts that grew up in the courts of the feudal princes; and the genius of the people seems more likely now to take the hard commercial temper of the modern German than to begin a new development in art. Japanese magnates are likely to follow the example that English princes have so long set them. Lord Salisbury and the heads of great English houses no longer dream of attaching artists directly to their service, and the speeches made at the Academy banquets are the last relic of the superstition that the Academy is in some sense a body of public painters attached to the service of the Court. The Academy of Louis XIV. was that, the English Academy never. The only "mission" of English Academicians has been to secure for themselves under this form a degree of social consideration that is a very doubtful benefit to artists.

The characteristic inspiration of modern art then, the dissociation of artists from direct service to the State for its leaders, and a hundred other considerations, make the prospects of a stimulus to art coming from the present Imperial enthusiasm extremely doubtful. For what is required is no less than this—that the Philistine become artistic. This may sound paradoxical, but it is not really so. The Philistine attitude till now has been that of unconscious performance of duty, disdaining all expression of heroism, and *a fortiori*, all proud artistic expression. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has done his best to change that. He has put the unconscious hero on a pedestal, and the nation, if not the hero, begins to think him a fine figure. This new consciousness may do much to impair the efficiency of the Services, but it prepares the ground for art. What is uncertain is whether that shy spirit will be tempted from opposition and retreat, now that the Philistine calls for her. The chances on the whole are that the active and positive sides of the national life will be reinforced at the expense of the dreamy; and if, out of that vast army of the self-em-

ployed, the painters of Great Britain recruits are drawn for a less futile existence, art will be in a way the gainer.

CIRCULATING-LIBRARY RELIGION.

BOOKS, says Milton, are "as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth, and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men." "I assure you, sir," said a country bookseller lately, "half the books that go out of my shop aren't fit to be perused." The British matron, however, now reads everything herself, and likes her girls to do the same. The sixpenny edition, which may extinguish the country bookseller and the circulating library as well, finds its way to the school-boy's locker and to the servants' hall, and brings the New Morality within reach of every purse. Miss Broughton tells us wittily that she used to be regarded as a Zola, but is now looked on as a Charlotte Yonge: so fast do we progress. The modern work of genius however differs entirely from the free-spoken drama or tale of days when to call a spade a spade was almost a circumlocution. "Peep," says Thackeray, "into the cottage at Olney and see there Mrs. Unwin and Lady Hesketh, those high-bred ladies, those sweet, pious women, and William Cowper, that delicate wit, that trembling pietist, that refined gentleman, absolutely reading out Jonathan Wild to the ladies! What a change in our manners since then!" The poem, play, or novel of our more prudish days might—much of it at any rate—be read aloud in the family circle. The language is all to be found in the most decorous dictionaries. There are described no delightful, wicked rakes on the one hand, no persecuted Pamelas on the other. Nevertheless the book bound in art-linen usually leaves the old-fashioned reader with a bad taste in the mouth. If the novel which delighted our forefathers pointed a moral rather plain-spokenly, or was as frankly and boisterously non-moral as a Punch and Judy show, at any rate there was no namby-pamby new Christianity in it, no sophisticating of the broad distinction between right and wrong, no cant about the emancipation of thought and breaking forth of light, or about the supersession of the Ten Commandments by a higher code of ethics. After reading about the pure woman faithfully presented, the woman with a past, the woman with a past tense, the women of the future, the revolted daughter, and the like, we find ourselves longing for five minutes of the wholesome intolerance of Dr. Johnson. "Sir," he would say—but perhaps we had better not imagine what he would say.

Mimetic art presents life as too rounded and complete a thing ever quite to satisfy Christianity, which appends to drama and tale a "to be continued." Before the curtain rings down or the last chapter ends, the villain must be got rid of, or allowed to repent and escape easily, and everything is put right in a very brief space. Amendment is in real life a more uphill task, and consequences of evil deeds more lasting and inexorable. "Where would Stratford be," asked a native, "if it were not for the immortal Shakespeare?" and Shakespeare himself, sure-footed guide as he is, fails to hold the mirror up to nature and to morality when all is well and ends well for the worthless Bertram. Not only do the Unities often compel a moral to be scamped, but unskilful writers, cutting their knots by the hand of death, instruct mismatched partners and heart-sick lovers to look for their happiness through such a solution. The modern story then, with its pretence of realism, has usually a bad moral, though it be not (as sometimes it is not) immoral. What is now asking attention however* is a conscious and intentional crusade against received Christian canons and the sacredness of the Family as the basis of Society. The crusade ranges from the mild latitudinarianism of the lady novelists to the French chiffonnier school of cloaca realism, the animus throughout being directed against the theological sanctions of morality, while the more thoroughgoing naturalists regard morality itself as priestcraft. Sympathy is enlisted for wives who break an oppressive wedlock,

suicide is excused, filial disobedience is justified, the natural virtues triumph over any lack of theological ones. Sal of Whitechapel wins pardon for her failings by her generous self-sacrifice for the man who has degraded her, and the drunken miner or digger, *parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*, atones for a profane lifetime by an heroic death. Such a theme is touching enough, but Bret Harte and many others have worked it threadbare. The continued incessant use of it as a literary motif arises from a wish to pin-prick Christianity, and from that inverted pharisaism which is for ever asking attention to its own superiority to creed and form. Then there is the slum-novel in which the faith once delivered to the saints is girded at, the controversial novel in which it is overthrown by antiquated and belated German criticism, the society novel in which Christianity is ignored, the historical novel in which its past is besmirched, the Corelli novel in which the World's Tragedy is vulgarised, the kailyard novel whose author is eager to show that he is not, like his poor forefathers, a Scotch Calvinist, the hill-top novel whose depressing fog and iconoclastic atheism are in contrast with the breezy optimism and shallow universalism of the ordinary fictionist. The prevailing teaching of our day is a thin theism, divested of every mystery, stripped of all doctrinal revelation, emancipated from every institution and rite, unhistoric, without organic structure or philosophic coherence, more vague than the peasant's misty belief in One Above or the savage's dim notion of the "Big Man up There," as indifferentist as Pope's "Jehovah, Jove, and Lord," almost as pantheistic as Emerson's Oversoul or Carlyle's Primæval Unspeakable, but yet worshipping in this Universal Father the attributes of Justice, Goodness, and Truth. It is a Justice however which does not mete retribution to the wicked, a Goodness which is not jealous for any unchanging law of holiness, and a Truth which makes believe and looks the other way. In this conception of an all-indulgent, good-natured, blind, and complaisant Paternity, Sin becomes a merely relative term, a mistake, a misfortune, an ailment, a trespass not against God but against one's fellow-men, needing no atoning sacrifice, no high-priestly mediation, no Bethlehem or Calvary save for moral impression. Penitence, Mr. Gissing remarks, is now an anachronism. "Man," says Emerson cheerily, "though in brothels and gaols and on gibbets is on his way to all that is good and true." It is notable that the rationalism of this century has been based not on reason but on superficial sentiment. The sapping of the foundations of responsibility, whether through the dogma of a God who is mere pity or through easy dinner-table divinity, and superficial talk about heredity and circumstance (as though our ship were launched on life with a "lashed rudder") is more permanently detrimental to national character than undisguised lubricity or any gospel of animalism and free love. Nor is satire against religion or invitation to explore the "sunless gulfs of doubt" likely to influence minds like the reiterated assertion that Conduct is independent of Creed, when illustrated by generous sentiments and attractive and pathetic examples. If, as a foil, the power of the Cross and the beauty of historic Christianity are delineated, the Church of Rome is usually fetched in. This is a kind of compliment to Anglicanism as the only religious force in England influential enough to be really disliked. Yet where the literary man's theological liberalism is not a reaction from Puritan gyves, it is only what might be expected from the colourless religious teaching of public schools and colleges, which turns out cultivated men wholly ignorant of the doctrinal system of their Church, and content to echo the stale and crude formulas of heterodoxy which please sharp girls from Girton and suburban admirers of Edna Lyall.

CRICKET PROSPECTS.

THE cricket season of 1900 has commenced, though we seem to miss the glad thrill that usually belongs to the opening days. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the eager curiosity and excitement which heralded the arrival of

* "Theology of Modern Literature." By Dr. Law Wilson. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1899. 7s. 6d.

last year's Australian team and the listlessness now brooding over our grounds. The shadow of the war lies heavily upon the cricket-field. Some of our leading players are at the front, and the public interest is not heightened by the appearance of lesser men in their place. The great festivals of Lord's will lack much of their gaiety, and the county championship will run a duller and more monotonous course than usual. We may safely say that the year will be remembered in the records of the game as a gloomy and unattractive one.

There are however one or two changes in the constitution of the game which will make the coming season historically a landmark, and to some extent a starting point. The most important of these alterations is the recent legislation upon the vexed question of the follow-on. The M.C.C. Committee is, as is its duty, habitually cautious, but this year it has acted boldly and the new rules are of real significance and deserve consideration. Before dealing with the follow-on question let us refer briefly to the addition of a sixth ball to the over. We believe that, so far as it goes, this change will be a real advantage to bowlers with heads. Any man worthy of the name of bowler will appreciate the increase of scope that the extra ball will afford him. At first sight it seems a slight help enough but we are confident that it will form a very material aid to the 'trundler' who really tries to analyse his opponents' play and goes to work on a well thought out scheme. All who have bowled know the joy of finding themselves opposite to a batsman whose master they are confident of being, and to whose overthrow they can devote a whole over, a player whom they have as it were tied to the stake and can compel to "fight a hopeless course." This feeling led to victory when there were only five balls to the over; we think that the increase will cause it to weigh more heavily in the balance than the mere numerical alteration appears to warrant. It will be more easy to fidget a batsman out and the nice intricacies of plan will be more fully developed. A good deal of time will also be saved. Reckoning a match as lasting six hours a day at about 24 five-ball overs per hour we have a total of 720 balls bowled per diem; according to the new plan, even allowing for the slightly increased time taken by the delivery of the sixth ball, we should probably have nearly 100 more balls sent down or 20 extra five-ball overs, which even in these days of hard true wickets may easily mean the fall of two batsmen, that is to say, of six more during the course of a 'three days' match. Without pressing the mathematical aspect of the question too far it will not be unreasonable to infer that the six-ball rule will be a real benefit to the game.

The object of modern cricket legislation should be to reduce the length of matches, not of scores. These two points are frequently confused. Bearing this in mind let us endeavour to forecast the result of the changes of the follow-on rule. They were made, if we mistake not, in the hope of neutralising the disadvantage which the side that bats first has frequently to face, namely, that of having to field out two consecutive innings in spite of their superiority in the first stage of the game, and finally having to play the fourth innings on a worn wicket. The addition of thirty runs to the follow-on minimum will only affect a limited number of matches. The rule that allows the side that bats first to decide whether their opponents should or should not follow on is far more important. The former thereby reaps an immense advantage. On a hard wicket it will not allow its opponents to follow and after their disastrous first innings, often the result of fatigue, will send them out to field again. On the last afternoon they will probably have to bat on a worn broken pitch in an exhausted condition. We are not sure that the old law was not fairer. It neutralised at least the luck of the toss and the accruing advantages. It is clear that the fewer follow-ons there are the more difficult will be the task of the side which bats second. Unless the bowling is extraordinarily good or fortune unusually propitious, it will generally be in the power of the team which wins the toss to wear out the other, and the game will remain a trial of endurance rather than skill with all the advantages on one side.

But the action of M.C.C. will we think clear the whole issue and may in the near future lead to a very

different kind of legislation. The choice lies unalterably between physical strength and skill. While both are legitimate elements, perfection of grounds and the general development of the game, are tending unduly to elevate the importance of physique at the expense of that quality for the attainment and enjoyment of which all games are played. We must then rectify the balance, and this can only be done by shortening matches; for, though a player of genius may occasionally rise superior to circumstances, improvement of skill on the part of bowlers is not humanly speaking within the bounds of expectation. The average first-class trundler must be given a better chance; in other words the batsman must be handicapped. This must be done either by allowing the bowler to use methods of delivery at present unlawful, and in the opinion of nearly everybody undesirable; by decreasing, either artificially or by neglect, the perfection of grounds, a course to which we are strongly opposed, as tending to increase unduly the element of luck and eliminate the scientific side of the game; or, finally, by making a bold and unsparing change in the size either of wicket or of bat. While fully realising the gravity of such a step, we deem that the state of the game requires it, and we hold that an expert committee would be fully capable of making such an alteration judiciously and in such a way as materially to increase the interest felt in the conflict between the defence and attack. Such expedients as the proposed alteration of the l.b.w. rule, according to which a crooked ball may by breaking dismiss a batsman, we hold to be only partial in their effect and as not likely to seriously limit the length of innings. We candidly confess that we do not see the least use in the new boundary rule at present enforced at Lord's. The object of the change was ostensibly to shorten the batsman's innings by a process of exhaustion entailed by running-out hits. We do not believe that the present day player, especially the professional, will allow himself to be got out by such means. He will walk slowly across the wicket and get "three" substituting this number for the earlier "four" and steadily cultivating the modern system of staying at the wickets as long as possible. Meanwhile the fieldsmen will be far harder worked than before and the general gain will be rather to the in than the out side.

Turning to other matters, it is satisfactory to look forward to a visit by a West Indian team during this summer. It will be very interesting to see whether its performances come up to the high expectations of Mr. P. F. Warner, whose excellent book* is well worthy of perusal. Certainly if that enthusiastic cricketer is right, the West Indian team will prove a hard nut to crack. The appearance of his volume is excellently timed and not only supplies us with much valuable information about our new guests, but will be read for its capital accounts of American and South African tours, and the brief campaign in Portugal. The author's style is full of life and vigour, his descriptions are interesting, and his enthusiasm for the game makes his story of the matches themselves far more readable than such recitations often are. His anecdote of the coloured victim of a wrong decision who was found sobbing convulsively behind the pavilion, and whose nerves were so completely shattered that on being brought back to the wicket, he ran two of his own side out; the letter from an unknown admirer in Montreal urging Mr. Warner to remember that bright eyes would be bent upon his deeds, and the account of the colonists who rode and drove fifty or sixty miles to get their game of cricket at Graaff-Reinet in Cape Colony, are representative of a work which will be warmly welcomed by the cricket-loving public, not to mention the many who watch with anxious care the tightening of every bond between the Mother-country and the Colonies. This indeed is the keynote of Mr. Warner's book as is seen in his dedication to Lord Hawke. The author is an ardent Imperialist as well as cricketer. To the game itself he has done a very real service. Reliable cricket history, written not by reporters but by the players themselves, is still sadly lacking. In telling the story of some

* "Cricket in Many Climes." By P. F. Warner. London: W. Heinemann. 1900. 7s. 6d.

early cricket invasions of remote and in some cases only partially civilised districts he has supplied very pleasantly and completely a real want.

THE ACADEMY.

I.—"RUDE THINGS."

"It is only the disease of the unskilful to think rude things greater than polished."—BEN JONSON.

THIS text figures as motto in the catalogue of the one hundred and thirty-second exhibition of the Royal Academy. It is oddly chosen, for it sounds like an echo of the taunts directed in the past against impressionistic art, while in the exhibition itself this art holds the place of highest honour. The Academy is like those fabled cities, besieged and taken, whose vast suburbs remained for years unaware of conquest and new masters: a faithful sentinel must have been posted ten years ago at the gates with this terrible word in his mouth to challenge the profane, and unrelieved, still mumbles it at the moment when the profane goes up in triumph to be installed in the citadel. Within, the Prince of Wales is solemnly acclaiming "the great painter, Sargent," and far away no one has thought of hushing the lonely watchman with his yesterday's password, "It is only the disease of the unskilful. . . ." After all this is the perpetual policy or fate of academies. The President himself tells us that it was one of his official duties during the past year to journey to Madrid and place a wreath at the feet of the statue of Velazquez: we know that another of his official duties, never neglected, is to warn his students against that master's practices. So did Ingres, passing with his students before the pictures of Rubens in the Luxembourg command them "Saluez, messieurs, mais ne regardez pas!"

Everyone, I think, has saluted Mr. Sargent's triumph, and I, for one, have been able to look as yet at very little else but his great portrait and the little diploma piece. It is a pleasure to be able to surrender oneself so wholly as one must to the charm of these two pictures. This is no common experience, I will not say among the fondest, but among the most jealous admirers of Mr. Sargent. More often the first movement is one of doubt or repulsion, the general aspect of the picture has something hostile, scornful, disdainful of beauty. From this the critic passes to a second state, one of fascinated analysis, and in that state the first sentiment becomes overlaid with layer upon layer of respect, so that the upshot is a queer mixture of aversion and attraction. No later than last week this was my experience at the New Gallery, and again at the Academy before the portrait of the Earl of Dalhousie in the first room. The necktie, the sunburn, all that caught the eye first was a disagreeable challenge, and recognition of the lithe, sharp drawing and nailing characterisation was an afterthought. With no painter does the pendulum of liking and disliking oscillate so violently about a fixed centre of respect for his power; one sees excellent critics grow impatient at times and say the hardest things about him, they will even cut the puzzling knot by denying him the name of artist.

This impatience vented in epithets of "mere realist" and the like, is the natural tribute to an art fighting for its life in a close face to face wrestle with nature. In such an encounter the wrestler, if not victor, is apt to be floored. The art resulting seems very common if it is not extraordinary, because it seeks the extraordinary in the common. Mr. Sargent is never floored; he always scores points in the bout, even when his art comes away with the verdict of doubtful and the marks of conflict. But these doubtful irritating pictures are proofs of the stout game he plays; they are pledges of his honesty as he understands the game of art. The game of portraiture, as he understands it, is not a *parti-pris* of design to be cautiously tinged with nature; it is a determination to yield no possible inch in the wrestle with life. He will only surrender on the most honourable terms, will not compromise low down on the scale with decoration. His idea, I take it, would be to fight till Nature herself seemed to give in, or like

Jacob's angel "give a blessing." Beauty is to enter no less easily than that, not brought in from outside to evade difficulties, but born of the hard-pressed fact. Mr. Orchardson is a fine artist, but this attitude to the problems of a portrait-painter is not his. One rather imagines him chuckling as the difficult case presents itself, and saying to himself, Ah depend upon it my well-known yellow method will settle all that. Mr. Sargent rather appears to say Well, you are a tough subject. Perhaps there is a picture in you when you have been thoroughly seen; if not, God have mercy on you. I will not falsify the facts.

I neither pretend that Mr. Sargent would accept as exact such a description of his attitude, nor that an attitude so unrelaxing and suspicious of arrangement is the proper one for every painter; the taste for design and the taste for life are mixed in very different order and degree in different arts; but something of this holding on by the fact for more than it immediately gives of pleasure, must characterise the work of all men who play for the stake of a beauty close neighbour to nature. Such men must be content with ugly pictures by the way, pictures that are signposts where easier and more flowery bypaths diverge, and were refused. When Rembrandt began to explore plain faces only his demon could uncertainly promise him a yet unknown beauty, not of classical shapes, suave rhythms, and put-up harmonies of colour, but something to be discovered by a yet unheard-of fineness of distillation out of the universal common elements of light and shadow. The seventeenth-century masters carried the honourable conflict so far, pressed nature so close for art's sake, that they may be said to have made the art of painting too difficult. Only the rarest power can now lift the gauntlet where it lies. To discriminate the atmospheric values of colour so truly as to render form by means of their notation, and to weigh each part of this statement against every other with an eye to general truth (for this is impressionism) is a feat for which few men in a generation are organised. Sargents are not likely ever to be common, nor even Zorns, and those who profess themselves to be anxious about the dangerous influence of such painters on the young may spare themselves the pains. The monkey-house is agitated by every notable artist who passes through it; but imitators prefer what is imitable.

Mr. Sargent's portrait of three ladies is one of those truces in the fight where beauty has unquestionably slipped in. I do not mean that the ladies are beautiful, but that the picture is. Perhaps Mr. Sargent's recent work on large schemes of formal design has strengthened his building power and grasp of a large harmony. What is certain is that this picture has the initial persuading and welcoming appeal to the eye that springs from general design and harmony. Before anything particular is disengaged, the pale pyramid of the figures and the light-flecked green above them, the first flash of the picture-presence, captures the sense like the passage out of teasing sunshine into a lily-coloured backwater under trees. That second's grateful plunge of sheer comfort and delight marks off the picture from the disconcerting Sargents I have been referring to. Then the eye goes on with increased pleasure to note how nicely the figures are pitted against the total picture-space and the accessories; they are neither too big nor too small; this is one of the greatest elements of comfort in a picture, one of the least definable, and one of the rarest. How constantly in portraits the figure swells into something menacing and ponderous, choking up the space around! Here by science or instinct the mere sizes of things give pleasure. We are too much accustomed, again, in portraits to find a head presiding over a collection of carefully copied limbs, put together with anxious joinery, but not conceivably moved by one impulse; weeks have passed between their movements, and the smile of a month ago makes a fool of yesterday's gesture. Here are forms through which an elastic life has circulated, and seems ready to move again.

I might run on with a number of remarks, but I would rather enforce one. I would ask those who have not learned the lesson of impressionism to consider first the colour in this picture compared with that

of the majority of pictures on the walls around. Colour is the word, for it seems to be one thing, a *continuum* that is varied and that yet holds all through, one ever-changing light. Opposed to this we find colours, self-assertive reds and blues sticking to their own patch, balancing at most the quantities of their neighbours, but never dreaming of being woven into that all-enveloping seamless tissue. Second, here is organic, as opposed to mechanical finish. The size of the whole picture-space and the degree of attention claimed for its parts decree what quantity of detail shall be distributed to hair and hands, to the patterns of the dress. If the skilful, if the polishers, were to take these rude things in hand and finish the picture all over in the style of Sir Edward Poynter's portrait opposite, the picture at the distance, where all its parts can be taken in at once by the eye, would cease to exist. The intellectual rank of the performer who can keep his view simple and coherent over so vast a space is enhanced, when the part played in it by memory and calculation are considered. The room where the sitters pose must have been directly lit from one side; the canvas can hardly have been tolerably illuminated as well as the sitters, and its upper parts must have been worked upon from staging.

The art concealed in the more deliberate masterpiece reveals itself stroke by nervous stroke in the wonderful diploma piece, a picture evidently painted forthright at speed. We can follow every note made by the eye and what notes they are! What an honest infallible grasp of aspect, the confused aspect of the half-seen thing as exactly rendered as that of the fully illuminated! Dark shapeless smudges reveal themselves at the right distance as cherubs and festoons in the decoration of the ceiling; the action of the girl at a tea-table catches the eye with just so much detail as it would claim when the older lady in the foreground was noted down to the needle-point light in her eye. Or was she finished just a thought too much? She seems a trifle out of scale beside the old gentleman, as if the quick-moving measuring eye had occupied itself more singly with her than with the rest. In what a limpid, brilliant air this picture lives; no violence in the pictures round can force the life out of its silvery tones and change them to mere paint.

It is cruel to turn from it to the worthiest of the painters who coax their paint, who hopefully glaze and scumble and scrape to see if the thing will "come"—when they are not looking. In this manner of painting the touch must be right or wrong. With Mr. Sargent it is right.

The catalogue is still under revision. I propose to its compilers to relieve their old sentinel, to set a new watch with a text from Blake which seems to imply that we must not judge all birds by what we admire in the hen, the dove, or even the peacock, but before a certain power in the eye and of the wing readjust our standards. The new motto would run

*"When thou seest an eagle, thou seest a portion of
genius; lift up thy head!"*

D. S. M.

"QUO VADIS" AND "NIL PRÆDICENDUM."

THE moon is a chill substitute for the sun, and they who basked and revelled in Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Sign of the Cross" will not, I fear, take kindly to that pale shadow of it which rose, last Saturday evening, from the horizon of the Adelphi. Mr. Stanislaus Stange, though he has copied most of Mr. Barrett's figures with all the passionate minuteness of a Pre-Raphaelite, has not written a good melodrama. The steps in that progress whereby Marcus Vinicius becomes what is called a crease-chyarn are not, as in the case of Marcus Superbus, exciting steps. The progress is very slow. It might almost be described as uneventful, since all the chief marvels of the play happen "off," and are known by us only at second-hand. True, Mr. Stange's stage-directions provide for the burning of Rome before our very eyes. But the London County Council, more zealous for our safety than for our delight, does not permit real holocaust on any stage. Consequently, Nero's fiddling is accompanied by nothing more awe-

some than some pink magnesian light behind transparent back-cloths. Nor is Mr. Stange fortunate in his principal mimes. Mr. Taber has not Mr. Barrett's gift (which is, indeed, inalienable) of saying ridiculous things in a ridiculous way and so making them carry conviction. When little Aulus (Miss Valli-Valli) trips off the stage, trilling a roudade of the most sophisticated merriment ever emitted, Mr. Taber looks after her and says "Such innocent laughter is seldom heard in Rome!" so tenderly, so thoughtfully, with an air of such conviction, that the absurdity of the thing becomes almost indecent. Delivered in the quick, staccato voice and with the tremendous gesture of Mr. Barrett, the words would have come as a matter of course. And Miss Lena Ashwell! Why is her uncompromising intelligence, her almost uncouth sincerity, always chartered for melodrama, which it can but ruin, and so kept out of the serious plays which it would glorify? There are a hundred-and-one columbine actresses who would have played Lygia (that is the queer name of Mr. Stange's heroine!) far better than Miss Ashwell. Utter lack of intelligence and of sincerity is as indispensable for such a part as are technical skill and a beautiful face. Miss Ashwell has the two last requisites, but they are not enough. Not having the first, she would ruin a much better melodrama than "Quo Vadis."

Though the play is bad, if you judge it by any standard of melodramatic art, I cannot join in the critics' outcry that it is objectionable on grounds of religion. The critics are angry because there are frequent invocations of the Deity, references to the Sermon on the Mount, verbal quotations from Holy Writ. They declare that the Censor ought to have interfered, and speak darkly about "exploiting religion." Why? If in them the old Puritan prejudice were so strong that they held playhouses in abhorrence, I could sympathise with their objection. But the fact that they frequent playhouses is proof presumptive that they take a more liberal and modern view. Not one of them, I believe, will pretend that dramatic art, more than literature, or painting, or any other art, makes for damnation. Nor will they pretend that books and pictures are not decent vehicles for religious sentiment. Do they, yet, pretend that religion must be barred from the stage? I could sympathise with their indignation against "Quo Vadis" if Mr. Stange had treated Christianity in any spirit of levity or scepticism. But he has done nothing of the kind. The whole purpose of the play is to glorify the Christian faith, and the martyrs who died for it, and the pagans who came under its spell. True, the unconverted pagans are dealt with in a somewhat lenient spirit. Nero becomes a kind of buffoon who is not really at all responsible for his actions. Petronius Arbiter becomes as harmless and wholesome as Mr. Pickwick. Allowances are made even for Poppæa. But this tendency to forgive is, surely, all in accord with the doctrine which the play is meant to extol. Artistically, of course, it is not defensible. From any pedantic standpoint, the play is shocking enough. "Lygia," of course, is an impossible name. "Vitellius" wants another I. "No one thought of that but thee, no one but thee!" is not a plausible translation of anything which Nero—*qualis artifex!*—might have said to Petronius. The whole play is full of such lapses. It will stand no test of history, or of grammar, or of tact. It is very vulgar throughout. That, I suppose, is why the critics object to the religious element in it. If it were a piece of refined work, they would not brand it for irreverence. I admit that there is no real reason why religious plays should always be vulgar. It is quite possible to combine religion with refined art. But to be shocked by a religious play because there is no refined art in it is not less absurd than to dismiss a good play because it has no religious purpose. The critics should remember that what seems vulgar to them does not seem vulgar to the public, and that what seems vulgar to them is really a very potent means of bringing religion home to the public. The method of such plays as "Quo Vadis" is the same kind of method as that which is used by the Salvation Army. As for the hints about "exploiting religion," we have no right whatever to assume that Mr. Stange has

not written his play in good faith. If he is an infidel, his insincerity is no worse in him than were any other kind of insincerity. And if (as we must, in courtesy, assume) he is a religious enthusiast, he has as indisputable a right to his "royalties" as has every vicar to his tithes.

I attended one of the six *matinées* of "You Never Can Tell" at the Strand Theatre. "Such innocent laughter is seldom heard in London," murmured I, echoing Marcus Vinicius; for the house was quite full, and everyone in it was roaring with laughter throughout the four acts of the play. Six *matinées*! Why are the commercial speculators who control theatres so obtuse as not to run Mr. Bernard Shaw for all he is worth? I assure them that he would be worth a very great deal to them. In the course of the next decade or two, they will begin to have some glimmerings of this fact. Meanwhile, they shake their heads and purse their lips at the sound of his name. "Very clever, no doubt," they pronounce him; "much too clever; over the heads of the public." Of course his head is over the heads of the public; but I protest that he is no mere cherub, that his feet are set solidly on the ground, and that his body is in touch with the crowd. Even had I not already witnessed Kennington's enthusiasm for "The Devil's Disciple," my visit to the Strand Theatre would have convinced me that Mr. Shaw, as he stands, is a man who might save many managers the trouble of going bankrupt over the kind of plays in which they see "money." I have never fallen into the error of over-rating the public, but I take this opportunity of insinuating to purveyors of farce and melodrama that the public's stupidity has its limits. Several farces and melodramas have been withdrawn lately after the shortest runs, for the simple reason that they were not good enough for the public. To provide something beneath the public is quite as disastrous as to provide something above it. In the latter case, moreover, disaster is no ignominy. Might it not, sometimes, be courted? Even had it not already been proved that some of Mr. Shaw's plays have qualities which delight the public, it would still be surprising that no manager hastens to give them a fair chance.

It is rather difficult to determine how "You Never Can Tell" ought to be acted. Realism and sheer fantasy are inextricably entangled in the scheme of the play. Serious characters behave ridiculously, ridiculous characters suddenly become serious. Mr. Shaw sends all the persons of his play dashing round sharp corners, colliding with one another, picking themselves up, exchanging hats, and dashing off again. It is all very confusing. Of course, when serious elements and ridiculous elements are combined, the former disappear under the latter, even when they actually preponderate. It is but one step from the serious (or sublime) to the ridiculous, but once you take that step you cannot get back without climbing a sheer precipice. And thus I cannot regard seriously the serious characters and scenes in Mr. Shaw's play. Consequently, it worries me to see any of these characters and scenes seriously played. All would seem quite right and proper, I should have an impression of artistic unity, if Gloria and the dentist were played as extravagantly as Mr. Bohun and the twins. Of course, Mr. Shaw meant Gloria and the dentist to be played seriously, and believes them to be quite serious characters. And so they are, from time to time, as I can see when I read the play. But when I see the play acted, and have no time for detached thought, they are consistently ridiculous, and as I have suggested, serious acting distracts me with a sense of utter incongruity. For artistic reasons, then, the whole play ought to be acted extravagantly, and not, as by the company at the Strand, according to Mr. Shaw's stage-directions. I should enjoy it so, much more. And yet . . . I am not quite sure that I would rather it were played in that way. The very worry and distraction caused by the serious acting were, in a sense, an addition to my delight in the play; for they kept me in mind of the author's peculiar temperament and attitude, of which the manifold contradictions are so infinitely more delightful, even when they make us very angry, than the smooth, intelligible consistency of you or me.

MAX.

INSURANCE IMPROVEMENTS.

THE progress of the Universal Life Assurance Society is being watched with interest. Many improvements have been effected in recent years, one of the chief of which was the treatment of all items connected with the Indian business on the basis of 1s. 4d., instead of 2s. as the sterling value of the rupee. This step was undoubtedly a wise one but it interferes somewhat with the comparison of the accounts with those of previous years, causing amounts which are really larger to appear smaller.

One desirable object for the Society to accomplish is such an extension of the business as shall result year by year in an increase in Funds and Premium Income. It is satisfactory to notice that steps to achieve this object are being taken. The new business in 1899 amounted to Life policies for £17,460, and Capital Redemption policies for £74,700, in both cases after deduction of reassurances. This is a substantial increase compared with recent years and is the more satisfactory as the increase has been entirely in respect of home business in a year during which many offices have experienced a reduction in the volume of new business.

In spite of this increase both the Funds and the Premium Income show a decrease as compared with 1898. The former to the extent of £22,458, the latter to the extent of £426. The commission and expenses absorb 16½ per cent. of the premiums, a larger proportion than in previous years, but one which it may be wise and necessary to exceed for a time in order to push the business.

In the matter of interest earnings the Society has done well, since after deducting income tax the total funds have yielded £4 3s. per cent., a rate which compares very favourably with the 3 per cent assumed in valuing the liabilities. It is a custom of the office to make an annual valuation and declare an annual bonus. On the present occasion there is a surplus in the assurance fund of £76,544, in addition to £32,000 standing to the credit of suspense funds; the directors recommend the distribution of one-fifth of the surplus, this amounts to £15,309, of which three-fourths is appropriated to the policy-holders and one-fourth to the shareholders. By taking £7,900 from the policy-holders' suspense fund, the directors are enabled to declare a bonus in reduction of premium to the extent of 45 per cent. of the original contract premiums, thus maintaining the bonus rate that has prevailed for many years past. The proprietors' share of the surplus after allowing for interest on share capital is only 1½ per cent. of the Premium Income, a proportion which cannot be cavilled at by the most scrupulous upholder of the rights of policy-holders. There is every evidence that the Universal is making substantial progress on sound lines. Its financial position is unexceptional, its reputation is of the highest, and the energetic development, of which it has stood in need, is now in progress on lines better calculated for the ultimate benefit of the Society than a more sensational progress which less wise counsel might have suggested.

The British Equitable Assurance Company has long been conspicuous for two things, the excellence of its finance and the extravagance of its management. The excellence continues, and the extravagance diminishes. Some years ago more than 30 per cent. of the Premium Income was absorbed in commission and expenses, while last year the expenses amounted to less than 26 per cent. of the premiums, even when the valuation expenses were included. This is a substantial reduction which we may expect to see improved upon in the future. It is very easy to say that expenses ought to be reduced, but particularly difficult to reduce them. The rate of interest earned upon the funds was £3 8s. per cent. after deduction of income tax, and the full list of assets which the Company publishes is a good advertisement for the office, inasmuch as it proves the high quality of the security held, and the prospects for future profits from the increase in value. The new business is rather less than usual, a matter of little moment, and the mortality was less than was expected, which is a matter of much moment. The funds show a substantial increase, and if due attention is paid to

economy the policy-holders will see at the next valuation a considerably better bonus than they received at the last distribution of surplus.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OXFORD COLLEGES AND NATURAL SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The list of fellowships in Oxford colleges drawn up by Mr. Fotheringham does not serve to show that the list given by me was inaccurate. Your correspondent has not confined his enumeration to fellowships in the awarding of which the governing body has exercised its free choice as to the subject to be favoured by the award. He includes fellowships assigned by statute to Natural Science, and he has also included fellowships held by men who have become distinguished in Natural Science—although they were elected for proficiency in some other subject.

It is difficult to see what other purpose than that of promoting misunderstanding can be served by putting forward a list which does so. It is somewhat rash on the part of your correspondent to assert that my statistics are hastily collected. The subject has engaged my attention for many years and I am prepared to maintain the accuracy of my statement in the terms in which it was made.—Yours faithfully,

E. RAY LANKESTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Savile Club, 8 May, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. J. K. Fotheringham, possibly may think that he has done sufficient service to Natural Science by showing that out of the 297 fellowships given in his table only 32 are assigned to subjects of so vast an importance, practical and theoretical, in the modern world, as zoology, botany, physiology, pathology and bacteriology, anthropotomy, anthropology, chemistry, physics with electricity, engineering and hydraulics, mineralogy, geology, geography, and astronomy together with a number of applied sciences such as medicine and agriculture. But a scrutiny of his statistics, compiled, I suppose, from some such source as the current number of the "University Calendar," shows that he might have brought out in a fashion still more startling the very serious condition of affairs. The general proposition under discussion is that the Oxford colleges have neglected the Natural Sciences systematically and conscientiously and that this neglect has recently increased. As part of the evidence in support of this proposition Professor Ray Lankester referred to the assignment of the very large number of fellowships over which the colleges have free control in the matter of allotting them to particular subjects. The last quarter of a century may be taken as a fair definition of the term "recently" and the true state of affairs can be made known with scientific accuracy only by showing the number of times within this period that the colleges have exercised their powers of choice and the number of times that choice has fallen on Natural Science. I myself have not the endowed leisure for such an inquiry, but a simple examination of Mr. Fotheringham's figures shows that of the thirty-two fellowships only seven are instances of the colleges having exercised their powers of choice in favour of Natural Science within the last twenty-five years. To the seven I am able to add three, from memory, and it is possible that were the inquiry I have suggested carried out, two or three more cases might be found. Of the other cases, two or three are relics of the period before 1875, but the majority, so far from being instances of any power of choice exercised by the colleges in favour of Natural Science are assigned by statute to particular subjects such as medicine or are compulsory contributions to the revenues of University professors.—Yours truly,

P. CHALMERS MITCHELL.

THE SERVICE RIFLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Captain Palliser need not be annoyed at my very mild criticism of the Service rifle. For whilst re-

peating the notorious fact that "some experts describe it as the worst military rifle in Europe," I hastened to add that of its "alleged shortcomings," one and only one came to my notice, namely the time taken to load it as compared with the Mauser.

Captain Palliser's statement that "the Service rifle embraces the system of spare magazines, each containing ten cartridges whereas the German magazine only contains five" is apt to mislead the uninitiated. He should have added that the Service rifles actually in use are provided with one magazine each, which when emptied, reduces them to the condition of single-loaders. This seemed to me and to many others, to be a disadvantage as compared with the five-cartridge in clip loading system of the Mauser. After all, it is a matter of opinion. But it is hard to see how a soldier in action can derive any advantage from the undoubted fact that his weapon "embraces a system of spare magazines" which has been "carefully evolved by our excellent Small Arms Committee" but which spare magazines are 7,000 miles from the firing line.

I had the pleasure of knowing several of the Small Arms Committee (and also Captain Palliser) at the time he alludes to and have ever been presumptuous enough to believe that the rifle then selected was an excellent one. The present campaign would seem to have afforded practical proof that at least seven out of the eight "serious defects" of the Service rifle, about which so much has been said and written, can henceforth be disregarded. About this eighth, opinions apparently differ, but I hold to mine and for reasons given.

GREY SCOUT.

ELEMENTARY READING LESSONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Salford, 24 April, 1900.

SIR,—The British Museum Library is overcrowded with printed matter published to suit "minds educated in Board Schools." Can anything be done to stimulate a demand for more worthy literature? Might not some good result, if the reading lessons in elementary schools were directed to attain objects different from those which have hitherto been held sufficient?

In the days of payment by results a boy could "read" if he were able to convert printed into spoken words, and to give "meanings" for the different words he came across. Beginners must of course read aloud, but if nothing more is demanded of children right through their school life, they naturally think that they can read if they are able to make out the words of a piece; the idea of reflecting upon the subject matter does not necessarily occur to them; they make an elocutionary display and call it reading.

Of course inspectors encourage silent reading among the elder scholars and where this is regularly practised, a more satisfactory conception of reading is the result. But is it not possible to do still more than this? If a boy were trained to pick to pieces what he has read—either aloud or silently—to discover the idea running through the piece, to recognise the arguments and statements it contains, to weigh their force and value and make out their bearing upon the whole question, he might in time learn to associate reading with thought and possibly become rather impatient of any reading which did not necessitate thought. The development of sound taste in fiction in children under thirteen is a more difficult business.

You elsewhere say truly that "teachers are far from being influenced merely by the narrow professional or trades union spirit." The new Code for the first time allows a fair measure of liberty; might not an adequate use of this liberty be found in the introduction of a more rational idea of reading? Not only should the tool be placed in the children's hands; they should also be taught how to use it effectually and without harm to themselves.—I remain, yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

APPEALS TO THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the case of even obviously successful headmasters or mistresses there may arise difficult matters between them and the governing body or between both

and Charity or other Commissioners which can only be settled—where compromise was refused on either side—by appeal to a central authority. This is acknowledged in various ways in the Royal Commission Report.

But one vital matter concerning heads of endowed schools is still in an unsatisfactory condition.

When the head and the governing body develop friction, is there to be a right of appeal on the side of the head, that is, on the side of the weaker party? The head's position is obviously the more precarious because of the declaration he is usually compelled to sign by which he acquiesces in his own removal, should this be resolved upon by the governing body. This declaration designedly protects a governing body from subsequent litigation, although the head may have been ruined by their proceedings and may have been morally right in his own action. The seriousness of the action of the governing body is recognised in most schemes by clauses designed to prevent hasty judgment, insufficient attendance, &c.; but it is claimed that all heads of endowed schools should have a statutory right of appeal.

This claim is not, however, unanimously made by headmasters and mistresses of endowed schools. But in the case of teachers in primary schools it has been, and is being, zealously promoted by their strong representative body, the National Union of Teachers.

Subsequently the Assistant Masters' Association has begun to move steadily in the direction of "a statutory right of appeal on dismissal for both Heads and Assistants in Endowed Secondary Schools to the new Board of Education acting through its Consultative Committee." The door of such a committee can never be attractive to any teacher; but it is now almost certain that assistants in secondary schools and all primary teachers will do what they can to keep it open as a just right.

With heads of endowed schools the matter is more delicate and difficult, but is it in the interests of education for teachers to slam the door in their own faces? It is obviously in the smaller endowed schools where the shoe is more liable to pinch. Heads of such schools are practically averse to giving evidence or opinions lest they should be injured or thought to have personal difficulties.

It is, therefore, in the interests of the co-ordination of education that this important subject should now be thoroughly considered.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

EX-HEADMASTER.

CURRENT HISTORY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Burwash, Sussex.

SIR,—We find every day that records of the manners and customs of daily life as distinct from the strife and conduct of the magnates of politics and war become more important. To determine the direction of human evolution we want to know all we can of the average life of society at successive periods, and probably in the future any such information of our present mode of life will be of the highest value.

Suppose instead of a few diaries of a few men living altogether in the society of gentlemen, instead of a few works like De Foe's "Plague of London," we had before us now more personal records of personal experiences in time of trouble—siege, plague, warfare, famine and plenty. Would not—for instance—Green's "History of the English People" have been written with less labour, have been fuller and nearer the truth?

Now in a short time the market will be flooded with books on the Transvaal war. It is almost certain all will follow the old lines. Is it not possible for some one to utilise the vast amount of material existing in newspapers—letters from those on the spot, leaders and articles showing the hopes and fears of the moment, criticisms of what has been done, of what should have been done, statements of what was done, facts relating to opinion at home and abroad? Would not a history of the war showing its details and phases, the direction of public opinion from day to day be of the highest interest and of supreme value in the future? F. C. CONSTABLE.

[We may refer our correspondent to Mr. Cunliffe's history, now being published in parts by Messrs. Methuen.—ED. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

IN DEFENCE OF BARTLE FRERE.

"The Life and Times of Sir John Charles Molteno, K.C.M.G., First Premier of the Cape Colony Comprising a History of Representative Institutions and Responsible Government at the Cape and of Lord Carnarvon's Confederation Policy and of Sir Bartle Frere's High Commissionership of South Africa." By P. A. Molteno. London: Smith, Elder. 1900. 2 vols. 25s. net.

"PARTURIUNT montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

Two volumes, 900 pages of letterpress with a large element of small print extracts, and for a result, platitude, repetition, inaccuracy, misrepresentation, and reviling. From a literary point of view Mr. P. A. Molteno's book is a *corpus vile* (the author is fond of classical analogy) supplying material in which a critic could find specimens of all the defects which a work of biography is capable of containing. Its errors, alike of fact and of taste, are so prominent that we may question whether such a book could have been issued at any other time than the present, when South African affairs absorb the attention of the public. As a piece of historical writing—and Mr. P. A. Molteno expressly claims this dignity in the sub-title of his work—the book is rendered worthless by the deliberate suppression of all facts and opinions which do not coincide with the biographical motive of his work, and by a use of citations which is in some cases misleading to the point of absolute dishonesty. The biographical motive is a simple one. Molteno is represented as the champion of responsible government in South Africa, and, in his son's words, as the "one man who stood between South Africa and its ruin, not only in regard to the Cape Colony, but the whole of South Africa." Per contra all other public men, Colonial or Imperial, whom ignorance or sordid motives led to differ from Molteno, were in league for the ruin of South Africa and its inhabitants—native, Dutch, and British. Paterson, whom Lord Carnarvon had selected to represent the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony at the proposed Confederation Conference, "intrigued" with the Secretary of State for Molteno's overthrow. Mr.—now Sir—Gordon Sprigg was the "henchman" of Sir Bartle Frere, and his ministry—the ministry which defeated Molteno—was a "nominee" ministry which acted under Frere's "tutelage." Froude stumped the country "with a view to upsetting Her Majesty's ministers in the Cape Colony;" and in order to "undermine the confidence placed by the Dutch in Mr. Molteno, he stooped to the unworthy action of stating what had no foundation in fact." Lord Carnarvon was guilty of "an insidious attempt, under the name of greater freedom, to take away the independence of the Republics and of the Cape Colony by bringing them under a federation with extremely narrow and limited powers." Later on, when "intrigue" had proved unavailing to displace "the Minister who would not obey him," he resorted "through Sir Bartle Frere, to the high-handed proceeding of dismissing this Minister who possessed the confidence of the Legislature." Lord Wolseley was "Dictator" of Natal and succeeded by his "champagne and sherry policy" in effecting "such a revolution in the constitution of Natal as had never been attempted in any British colony since the days preceding the revolt of the American colonies; unless it were in Jamaica." But it is for Frere that Mr. P. A. Molteno reserves his choicest epithets and expressions. He was "Dictator," "Caesar," and "the last of the prancing pro-Consuls." More fully, "a Governor who might so work on the people as to cajole or bully them into carrying out [Lord Carnarvon's] purposes;" and he was "rash enough to look upon his own ignorance as superior to local knowledge, and to commit the country to the most reckless expenditure of blood and money to accomplish the policy which he confessed had been 'dictated' to him by Lord Carnarvon, and which he meant in his turn in spite of all warnings to dictate to South Africa." Moreover, in spite of the fairly ample programme of devilry which had been "dictated" to him by Lord Carnarvon, Frere managed to go one better than his Mephistophelian chief, and, by "forcing the hand of his superiors," "acted in accordance with the principles

and proclivities which characterised him in India." The precise degree of infamy indicated by this last cryptic expression is revealed to the reader by the account of Frere in India with which the author prefaces his account of Frere in South Africa.

Mr. P. A. Molteno's views of events are as trenchant as his appreciations of character. The annexation of the Transvaal was an "unholy act" by which "the name of England was dishonoured." The Zulu war, was "an unrighteous one" into which "the unfortunate Zulu King" was forced "entirely against his will." And equally, of course, the Afrikaner Bond was the author's sympathy, since it "arose out of this great fact, that representation was no longer a real representation in South Africa."

All this is sorry stuff; but as Mr. P. A. Molteno conscientiously believes these opinions, he is perfectly entitled to publish them, if he thinks it worth his while. But what neither he nor any other writer of history or biography is entitled to do is to suppress facts essential to the narrative and misrepresent the sense of the passages from which he quotes, or to which he refers, in support of his statements. It is these practices which, as we have said, make this book worthless alike as history or biography. The men who were responsible for the annexation of the Transvaal and the Zulu war had reasons—and as most people believe very sufficient reasons—for their actions; but the reader who had only Mr. P. A. Molteno's narrative to inform him would be left in absolute ignorance of the very existence of these reasons, or of the facts upon which they were based. These are events with which Mr. P. A. Molteno does not profess to deal (although a knowledge of the circumstances which lay beneath them is essential to any truthful presentation of the period), and therefore his omissions in respect of them are the less culpable; but what are we to say when we find that his account of the dismissal of the Molteno Ministry by Sir Bartle Frere is characterised by the same defect? Here is a subject which, forming the principal episode in his father's life, is treated at wearisome length and apparently in fullest detail; and yet the one essential fact—the fact that the action of Sir Bartle Frere was emphatically approved by the Cape Parliament and by the electorate of the Colony—is so stated, or rather hidden away by empty verbiage, that the reader who has no independent knowledge to guide him is left in total ignorance of its real significance.

The situation was this. In January, 1878, the views of Mr. Molteno's Ministry were diametrically opposed to those of Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa, in respect of the control of the Colonial and Imperial troops then engaged in suppressing native risings both within and without the eastern border of the Colony. Molteno desired to give the command of the troops to a Colonial officer, styled Commandant General, who was to be controlled by the Cape Government—the Cape Government meaning the Governor as advised by the Molteno Cabinet, advice which, according to Molteno's view, the Governor was bound to follow. Sir Bartle Frere held that the control of the troops by the Molteno Cabinet through the agency of this officer was unconstitutional under the then existing relationship of the Cape Government to the military authorities of the Imperial Government. When Molteno would not give way, Sir Bartle Frere dismissed him and called upon Mr. Gordon Sprigg to form a new Ministry. The whole point of Mr. P. A. Molteno's contention, that the action of Sir Bartle Frere was an outrage upon the Parliamentary freedom of the Colony and a return to "personal rule," is destroyed by the simple fact that the very legislative assembly of which Mr. Molteno had been the leader approved the action of Mr. Gordon Sprigg—and therefore of Sir Bartle Frere—by a majority of 37 to 22, and by the further fact that when this Parliament, which was in its last session when the Dismissal Debate took place, was dissolved, the Colony ratified the decision of the Parliament by returning Mr. Gordon Sprigg to power with an increased majority.

How does Mr. P. A. Molteno present this essential fact to his readers? After pages and pages of special pleading, in which the author endeavours to explain Molteno's defeat, and voluminous extracts from reports

of the debate, he alludes to the actual verdict in this coy sentence, which he has placed in a separate paragraph:—"The debate resulted in a majority in favour of the Government." All Mr. P. A. Molteno's wealth of material from the Cape Parliamentary Papers and the Cape Journals was apparently insufficient to supply him with the actual figures of the division; and, it is scarcely necessary to add, he carefully covers up the equally significant fact that the verdict of this large majority was subsequently endorsed by the Colony in the general election.

These suppressions of the truth are, however, thrown into the shade by Mr. P. A. Molteno's use of his authorities. One example—it is certainly not the most flagrant, but it will serve to illustrate Mr. Molteno's literary methods—must suffice. At p. 355, Vol. II. Mr. Molteno writes—"While Sir Bartle Frere himself on the 31st of December addressed a letter to Mr. Molteno, urging him to accept an honour offered to him by Lord Carnarvon, yet before the end of January Mr. Molteno had become a 'lunatic.' It looks as if someone had lost his judgment." Any reader of this passage would naturally conclude that Frere had called Molteno a lunatic. The sole historical origin of the suggestion is the following paragraph, which is taken from a minute addressed by Frere on 6 February, 1878, in reply to a minute of Mr. Molteno dated 2 February. This paragraph, it is scarcely necessary to say, Mr. P. A. Molteno has not set out, although he has given an inaccurate account of its substance at p. 373. We have italicised the words which show how false is the suggestion that the conflict was between Frere and the Parliamentary government of the Colony, instead of being between him and the Molteno Cabinet:—

"Admitting to the fullest practical extent that the 'Governor acts solely by and with the advice of his Ministers,' it seems to me that when Mr. Molteno's Cabinet, at a time like the present, advises the Governor to send away a regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery, which has been sent to their aid, to withdraw all Her Majesty's forces in the Colony into garrison at East London and King William's Town, and to trust for the suppression of rebellion and the occupation of Galekaland entirely to Volunteers, bound by no law and serving only where, and as long as, they please, the Governor *who could believe that such advice was in accordance with the wishes of Parliament, or would ever be approved by the Parliament of this Colony*, would be fitter for a lunatic asylum than the office I have the honour to hold."

Mr. P. A. Molteno is very contemptuous of writers who like Mr. Martineau, Frere's biographer, "unfortunately possess no local or special knowledge of South Africa or its history." It is strange, therefore, that he, possessing these advantages, should be apparently ignorant of the date of Frere's arrival at the Cape. He tells his readers (Vol. II., p. 108) that this event happened on 4 April, 1877. He should have known (for unless we misunderstand him, he tells us that he was living in the Colony with his father at the time) that Frere arrived on 31 March, and was sworn in on the same day. It is only a small matter, but it serves to show that we must not believe too implicitly in the historical and biographical advantages of local knowledge.

Nevertheless, this sordid record has its purpose. These dreary quotations, these reckless and presumptuous generalisations, these endless and perpetual bickerings, serve to show how much the Colonies have owed to their connexion with England—a connexion to which was due the occasional presence of public men of the first rank. For Molteno was a type of the Colonial politician, now happily extinct. He was ignorant, self-opinionated, and difficult to a degree, though on the other hand he was honest. With the best of intentions towards him, his son and biographer has failed to do him justice. The violence of his championship has led him to make claims on behalf of his father so grotesquely exaggerated that they recoil in ridicule upon the head of the unfortunate subject. The book serves also to show how marvellous were the powers possessed by Frere, the one man who is most violently attacked. If additional evidence were wanting to prove the greatness of Frere, it is provided in this revelation

of the senseless opposition to which he was subjected : an opposition which, being as yet supported by the Home Government, he triumphantly overcame.

WHAT IS A SYMBOLIST?

"The Symbolist Movement in Literature." By Arthur Symons. London: Heinemann. 1899. 6s.

WE have here short biographical critiques of Gérard de Nerval, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Rimbaud, Verlaine, Laforgue, Mallarmé, Huysmans and Maeterlinck. Reviews are read for information as well as animadversion and since there are many to whom some of these names do not convey very much, let us hasten to ask—What is a symbolist? Well, to begin with, the name does not seem to matter. Symbolist, decadent, or mystic, as Mallarmé himself said, were nothing more than nicknames by which the omniscient journalist docketed a band of rebellious *littérateurs*. As for "Decadent" it signified, let us be just and admit it, quite as much the dissidence of dissent as the enfeeblement of decay, and was accepted by the Decadents themselves in a spirit of defiance. "You call me a Decadent—I am"—was the attitude. But against what then was this revolt? It was a revolt, says Mr. Symons, against 'Exteriority and Rhetoric.' Let us consider the latter first.

The most cursory reader of literary French must feel how much it always tended to become a machine, complex and beautiful indeed, but still a machine which it was the very object of the Academy to make still more mechanical "and to true idioms fix their doubtful speech." There was also the obsession of the rhetorical Alexandrine, analogous to our former tyranny of the Popian couplet, and there was the voluble and pervasive personality of the last of the rhetoricians, Victor Hugo. These rebels suffered under the tyranny of a traditional correctitude. They aspired, and perhaps it was high time, to give the kaleidoscope of language a good shake up, to disintegrate the ordered notes of the linguistic orchestra. Let chaos come again, said these Nihilists, but do not let us be cramped. Like a late Bishop of Peterborough they thought it better to be free than sober. Upon the notorious insobrieties of their diction we have here no space to enlarge, but, passing to the second head, Mr. Symons exultingly proclaims that their disorder of language was accompanied by an equal disorder of thought.

A revolt against Exteriority sounds a big thing—but we cannot make out from this book or others that it really came to more than what has always been called Mysticism. "Open your mind and shut your eyes and see what somebody sends you" has been the immemorial attitude of the Mystic. It was the attitude of these Mystics. We are calmly asked to accept this as a movement in literature and two representatives of it are here accredited to us with solemn unction in the persons of Mr. George Moore and Mr. W. B. Yeats.

The English have had their own rebellion against the conventions of the eighteenth-century diction, nor has it been necessary to cross the Channel to find the young mystic who has to pinch himself in order to make sure that he is really alive, or thinks that the universe may be a sort of play arranged for him by angels. Even of the field which the decadents have exploited to most purpose—the field of the phrase in and for itself—they have no semblance of monopoly. Mr. A. R. Ropes in a late essay on Maeterlinck alludes in this connexion to the Jaberwock. But instances are not far to seek. Lear was a symbolist when he wrote of a runcible spoon. Or, to take an instance from a very old and homely source,

"Green sleeves and pudding-pies,
Tell me where my mistress lies, &c."

are lines which once heard we can no more forget than could Boswell, and, though the first line probably meant something to its author, it is nowadays at once entirely symbolistic and triumphantly successful. All honour to the makers of such phrases as these. All honour to Edgar Poe who said "Boreal Pole" because it sounded well and not in order to distinguish it from Austral and whom we make a point of mentioning here because he seems to have

anticipated all the essential quality of a band of writers who have indeed by translations and otherwise acclaimed him as their master. If the general reader wishes to know what a symbolist is like let him think of the more mysterious and magical utterances of Poe—and let him not omit to remember the seamy side of Poe's life. To put it thus is to put it very mildly, but until Mr. Symons can point to some more convincing originality in what these writers thought and what they wrote we may defer any moral censorship of what they did. In the meantime a subscriber to Mudie's who takes up this volume without looking at the title may imagine that the "Lives of Twelve Bad Men" has been sent to him by mistake. Laforgue indeed, as we are here told, wore the top-hat and carried the umbrella of a blameless life, and what is more he was the author of a very brilliant poem here quoted which does not however seem to be in the least like the productions of his fellow movers and shakers of the world of literature. In fact, even with the help of Mr. Symons, it is as difficult to see by what links these poets are connected together as it is to guess what movement—we understood it was the Irish, whatever that may mean—is represented by Messrs. Moore and Yeats. Mr. Gosse, meaning it would seem to be complimentary, said of the Symbolists that they were like shy birds in a back-water, and really that is about what this "Movement" amounts to—the movement of moorhens in a rush-bed outside which perhaps some flood of real revolution in thought and literature sweeps to the sea. Posterity picks up, in the case of a decadent out of all hoping lucky, one or two stranded poems.

It is with impatience that we ask—What does it all come to? We know and love a beautiful phrase, nor, if the sound be satisfactory, will we too peevishly insist upon the sense—we sympathise with revolts against convention in literature which if they prosper are called, like treason, by another name—the Mystic we also know quite well and let us say, for the sake of argument, that we love him. But if that is all—and it is all that we can find—why on earth are we invited to make so many bites of a cherry? Besides, when it comes to talking about movements and revolutions in letters, life and literature as he finds them are just the downright data of every little symbolist who is born into the world alive, and, whether he accepts or rejects he will, one supposes, predecease them.

Nevertheless it would be quite unfair to the uninitiated readers whom we have had for the moment in view, to let them go away with the idea that this is an unimportant book on symbolism, a thing with which they need not reckon. Names such as Mallarmé and Maeterlinck can take care of themselves—and so also, let us cordially add, can Mr. Symons, who is well known to many of us not only as a poet but also as the master of a subtle and persuasive prose. "Rira bien qui rira le dernier," and criticism of contemporaries has so often in the past been found at fault that Mr. Symons, from his own point of view, may quite reasonably trust to Time to give him the laugh of his many assailants. He will pardon us if we have somewhat curtly emphasised impressions which, as he well knows, have not been confined to those critics who habitually refuse to see or to admire. In the meantime, pursuers of the subject will find at the end of Mr. Symons' book an attractive bibliographical appendix of books and articles in which the symbolist, with his Protean forms and his various names, has been discussed here and on the Continent.

MR. MALLOCK'S CASE FOR ROME.

"Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption." By W. H. Mallock. London: Black. 1900. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. MALLOCK writes with characteristic vigour and point: there is not a dull page in the book. It bristles with paradox and metaphor. The subject with which it is concerned is of momentous and urgent importance. There are lacking no elements of interest, save one, and that the only one which can give permanent value to a work on religion. Mr. Mallock is not adequately equipped for his task, and a careful and twice-repeated perusal of his book leaves us doubtful whether he has grasped the gravity of his own con-

tentions. This is essentially a thin book, and it treats of matters which beyond all others demand solid and thorough treatment. For this reason it is a very difficult book to review. Nearly every page provides material for criticism. The crisp, dogmatic propositions which are advanced as the bases of argument almost always involve some doubtful assumption, or enshrine some confusing fallacy. The transitions from one line of reasoning to another are so abrupt and frequent that the unwary reader is for ever falling into logical traps: and non sequiturs are so constant and so audacious that they seem to be almost a method of the author.

The purpose of the book is stated in its concluding paragraph. It is designed "to show, the Protestant, and especially the Anglican Protestant, of to-day, bewildered by doubts and difficulties, that if this voice of the organic Church [of Rome] be illusory all doctrinal Christianity—the miracle of Christ's birth and death, the miracle of the Resurrection and of the Atonement, regarded as objective truths, are equally illusory also." We are sufficiently familiar with language of this kind. It is the normal *modus operandi* of the Roman proselytiser thus to bind up into one inseparable whole the cardinal doctrines of historic Christianity and the claims of the Roman Church, as if the latter were the security for the former. Thus a lever is obtained for working on the fears of men, to whom the seemingly imperilled doctrines are dearer than life, and acquiescence in the Papal pretensions is extorted, so to say, at the point of the sword. The immediate success of such violence is considerable, but the ultimate consequences are disastrous. If faith is retained at all, it is retained only as a fanaticism: too often, it is not retained at all, though the rigorous discipline of the Church prohibits, save in the rare case of courageous souls, such as the late Dr. Mivart, the confession of the fact. To secure logical symmetry the Roman theologians have violated historic truth, and insulted the human conscience. "*Solitudinem faciunt: pacem appellant.*"

The book falls into two sections. In the first the writer examines and exposes the theories of authority which are distinctive of the parties in the Anglican Church. In the second he sets forth the Roman theory, and maintains its claim to be the only theory which either merits the acceptance of a reasonable man, or satisfies the requirements of imperilled Christianity. The former is certainly the most effective part of the book. Mr. Mallock selects his own representatives of the views he criticises, and it is sufficiently evident that his selection assists his purpose. The loose rhetoric of Dean Farrar, or the shallow dogmatism of Lord Halifax lends itself wonderfully to a criticism, which is at once acute and contemptuous. It may be doubted, however, whether in demolishing individuals, the accomplished author has really grasped and overthrown the positions which they so inadequately represent. We do not think any intelligent Evangelical, High Churchman, Ritualist, or Latitudinarian would accept without demur the account of his distinctive theory which is set up, as a ninepin, to be bowled over: and assuredly one and all would be able to urge many considerations which their critic has ignored. Admitting this, we admit also that Mr. Mallock succeeds in convicting his opponents (if we may so call them) of much mental confusion and not a little false reasoning. It is when he passes from the comparatively simple task of destructive criticism to the far more important and difficult matter of positive advocacy that he reveals his weakness. He shows plausibly enough the need of some evidence, other than historic, to prove the supernatural affirmations of the Apostles' Creed; he shows successfully that such evidence is not provided by current Anglican theories of authority; but he wholly fails to show that the Roman Church is able to provide it. How can the sentence of a Pontiff, even though in some vague sense alleged (since 1870) to be infallible, alter the bearings of such facts as Mr. Mallock accepts, a little too readily, on the authority of Professor Harnack and Mrs. Humphry Ward? Not even Infallibility can add to the evidence of the New Testament, or alter the fact (if it be a fact) that the cardinal doctrines of Christianity were not included in the Creed of the first Christians, or diminish by one iota the sinister

weight of the (alleged) fact that the earlier view of Christ's origin was that of His natural birth. The difficulties urged against Anglican theories lie with equal force against the Roman, and the latter has far more formidable difficulties of its own in addition.

Two broad objections lie against Mr. Mallock's "Case for Rome." On the one hand he ignores altogether the witness of history: on the other hand, he leaves altogether out of count the moral difficulties of the Roman theory. It is vain to dwell on the "distinct and coherent answers" which Rome, and Rome alone, returns to men's questionings so long as historical science pronounces those answers to be false. It is futile to dangle the notion of a "consensus Ecclesiae" before our eyes, when the admitted condition of that consensus is the exclusion from the Church of half Christendom. Mr. Mallock seems unconscious of the cynicism which underlies his contention that "by limiting the consensus to the Roman Church itself, it (*i.e.* the Roman principle) secures for it its own evidence in favour of its own authority." In like manner, and by equal right the tiniest Protestant sects reach certitude. A "consensus" trimmed and limited to order is no consensus at all: but, on Mr. Mallock's own showing, Rome has nothing better to give. He maintains that the Roman doctrine satisfies the requirements which the several Anglican theories attempt but fail to satisfy. Thus the authority of the primitive Church is said to be secured by the view that primitive teaching was "the voice of the consensus in its earliest stage of development." This is all one with saying that the consensus of the primitive Church is now destitute of value: and Cardinal Manning's famous dictum exactly states the obvious practical inference from a theory which finds the latest word of an Infallible Church the weightiest,—"the appeal to History is itself a heresy." In like manner the witness of the individual Christian conscience is not less effectually preserved by the Roman doctrine: for "it is the world of ordinary believers that has imposed its beliefs on the priests." What is this but to affirm that the true function of the *Ecclesia Docens* is to move obsequiously behind the public opinion of the multitude, and execute its orders? The doctrines have had "their origin in the pious opinions which have spontaneously shaped themselves in the minds of innumerable Christians, as the result of a multitude of independent spiritual experiences." There is, of course, an element of truth in this account of dogma-making, but it is not the whole truth, or nearly the whole. There was not much "spontaneity" about the "pious opinions" industriously drilled into the faithful by thousands of confessors and "directors." The normal course has been first to create the public demand, and then to use it as an argument for the action of authority. Incidentally we should be interested to know in what sense such dogmas as that of the Immaculate Conception of S. Mary, or that of the Infallibility of the Pope, could be the result of spontaneous and independent spiritual experiences. Mr. Mallock justifies at some length the paradox that the facility of doctrinal definition which marks the Roman Church makes possible a progressive development of Christian doctrine, and thus affords ground for a future reconciliation of the Creed with the conclusions of modern science: but he seems to underrate the nature of doctrinal definition, and to misconceive its character. He apparently holds similar opinions to those expressed with such vigour by the late Dr. Mivart, and condemned with such roughness by Cardinal Vaughan. It is, indeed, evident that this book was written before the former's excommunication: which provides an instructive comment on its principal contention. Mr. Mallock attaches much importance to the fact that the Roman Church alone claims an infallibility which has been consistently exercised from the first. It does not apparently occur to him to test the claim: he takes the bare fact that it is made as an important evidence of its validity. Yet History yields no clearer witness than that the Roman claim to infallibility is a creature of yesterday, and that the claim to consistency is baseless. The *a priori* argument has no worth against the evidence of actual fact. What is the use of insisting on what must have been the nature and method

of ecclesiastical authority, when history declares, with severe fidelity, what, as a matter of fact, both nature and method have actually been? Pretensions are no evidence of anything but the ambition or arrogance of the pretenders.

At great length Mr. Mallock works out a quasi-scientific case for the Roman Church. It is an organism, and follows the laws of organic development. That the raw materials of Christian doctrine are Jewish or Pagan argues nothing against the supernaturalness of the finished Creed, for it is the law of living bodies thus to assimilate and transform their food. Amid much that is true, and more that is plausible, he seems to ignore certain considerations of quite cardinal importance. He ignores the fact of Divine Revelation, which has no parallel in the sciences: he ignores the possibility of degeneration, to which science points as clearly as to development. Even Cardinal Newman's ingenious casuistry recognised that there might be false developments, and laid down certain marks by which true developments might be identified. Mr. Mallock's scientific analogies are double-edged. They may be used against the Church of Rome as easily as in its interest. Considered apart from dogmatic prepossessions, they amount to nothing more than a case for the status quo. "Development" is the *deus ex machina* which saves the current system from the censure of history. It serves the purpose of the Protestant or the eclectic equally with that of the Papist.

We have left ourselves no space for more than the briefest reference to the gravest article of the indictment against the Roman position which Mr. Mallock has adopted. Men may tolerate much confusion in their ecclesiastical theories, even endure much apparent inadequacy in their religious apologetic, so only the Church they accept satisfies their conscience, and the creed they profess stands evidently related to the best morality they know. But when these conditions fail, when there opens a gulf between the Church and righteousness, and that which is most distinctive in Creed seems consistently connected with that which is worst in experience, then the intellectual difficulties take a new and more intolerable character. The higher the claim of the Church, the more exacting must be the demand of the conscience. The reflective student of Christian history will recognise, as the most destructive and widely effective argument against Papal claims, the scandals of Papal history. The logic of controversy yields perforce to the profounder logic of the conscience.

MADAME LA MÈRE AND ELISA NAPOLÉON.

"Napoleon's Mother." By Clara Tschudi. Translated by E. M. Cope. London: Sonnenschein. 1900. 7s. 6d.

"Elisa Napoléon (Baciocchi) en Italie." Par E. Rodocanachi. Paris: Ernest Flammarion. 1900. 3fr. 50c.

THERE has been no stranger or more tragic destiny in history than that of the mother of the Buonapartes. After steering her family safely through a hundred perils among the savage political feuds of their native island, she saw them seated on half the thrones of Europe. While the Empire lasted she stood aside in dignified self-effacement. In spite of a passionate pride in her son's achievements, she never lost touch with realities. The instability of the glittering edifice was always present to her mind. Like the Chorus in a Greek play, she plays her part from time to time at some fantastic ceremonial but has ever in her mind a presage of coming woe. The practical side of her nature vindicated itself at the expense of her reputation, for the niggardliness with which she was charged was amply vindicated when half a dozen kings and queens in exile helped themselves from a purse which far-seeing economy had rendered almost inexhaustible. The Consulate and Empire formed a mere episode in a life prolonged far beyond the average and Madame Letitia survived Napoleon fifteen years.

The daughter of a Corsican captain, whose wife was a member of the lesser noblesse, Letitia Ramolino was married to Charles Buonaparte in 1764 at a very early age. Charles Buonaparte was a "triste personnage,"

he showed neither dignity of character nor fortitude under misfortune. His personal beauty was considerable, as was Letitia's, and this remained an inheritance of the race. What Napoleon derived from his father was his imagination and ambition, his devouring restlessness and love of intrigue. All his better qualities came from the mother's side. The Cæsarian type of countenance, so characteristic of the family, is also traceable to Letitia. Buonaparte was a keen partisan of Paoli and, like a true Corsican, his wife followed him in many of his wildest adventures. Napoleon's birth itself followed shortly on a wild flight over the mountains from the French soldiers, whose pursuit was only evaded by the good offices of friendly brigands.

Left a widow at an early age with a family of eight children Letitia had a hard fight with poverty. Senseless extravagance had been one of the permanent features of her husband's vague and purposeless career. These years Letitia never forgot at the height of her prosperity, and they made her incredulous as to the duration of good fortune. She displayed extraordinary fortitude and dignity after the collapse of her fortunes. The last twenty years of her life she spent in Rome. Like many members of her family she had to complain of mean and petty persecutions at the hands of the European Governments, but from successive Pontiffs and their Courts she seems to have met with the respect and consideration which were her due. The author of this memoir might have told the story of the young Napoleon's attempts to gain power in Corsica with greater vigour and in more detail. We observe no mention of Jung's contribution to the story of this period which is a partisan work but has value, and above all we are surprised to find that there is no evidence of her consulting M. Chuquet's exhaustive volumes "*La Jeunesse de Napoléon*." The whole story of the Corsican revolution and the part played in it by Lucien as well as by Napoleon is of profound interest. Still, as a sketch of a remarkable woman, Miss Tschudi's work may be welcomed, for it will help the world at large to do tardy justice to a character of exceptional strength. But as a biographer she never quite rises to the height of her opportunities.

M. Rodocanachi's work is of a different order. It is a minute and elaborate sketch of Elisa Buonaparte's life as Princess of Lucca, and subsequently as Grand Duchess of Tuscany. Napoleon's three sisters were the least attractive members of the family and Elisa alone failed to inherit her parent's good looks. She possessed however a certain share of her brother's capacity, and a considerable share of his ambition. Nothing is more curious than to trace the influence on a tiny stage of the overmastering impulses which swayed Napoleon in the world drama. There is in the sister the same genius for intrigue, the same impatience for rapid results, the same absence of ordinary moral scruple which link the Emperor with the great Italians of the Renaissance. But Elisa never rivalled Caroline in treachery, though her association with Fouché in 1814 gives ground for grave suspicion.

M. Rodocanachi's book will prove of great interest to those especially devoted to studies of the Buonapartes. The mother was immeasurably superior to her daughters, who resembled her mainly in that they were yoked with undesirable husbands. They lacked the simplicity of character which entitles her to rank with the traditional type of Roman matron.

FIVE NOVELS.

"The Valley of the Great Shadow." By Annie E. Holdsworth (Mrs. Lee-Hamilton). London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

"Then there came another pathetic person who had an illness and died of it very bravely and very sweetly and very, and slowly." This might be described without any very unkind exaggeration as a summary of Mrs. Lee-Hamilton's latest blithe romance. She has probably been told by critics that pathos is her strong point; and certainly the chief interest of "*Joanna Traill*," her best known book, was the pathetic one. But these invalids in "*The Valley*!" These consump-

tive girls who cling to banisters! The little girl who says to the little boy "I think you must be an angel; that's what makes your face so white and shining"! The little boy who promptly—no, not promptly—does turn into an angel, just as one was rousing to an interest in him! The old maid who tries to kill herself for fear the old man should think she was setting her dismal old cap at him! The tubercular lady who parts from her lover with the cheering news that "Life gives death, and death is love"! We prefer the ordinary vulgar kind of love in our novels; it does not make us feel as if we had spent a day in the Royal Chest Hospital, with intervals for meals in the Morgue.

"Wiles of the Wicked." By William Le Queux. London: White. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Le Queux has for once written a dull story. "Wiles of the Wicked" has in it the elements of sensationalism but they remain segregated. The opening incident of the blind hero's presence in a house where a murder is committed is an indifferent if unconscious replica of a scene in "Called Back." The mystery-making is the merest pretence when compared with Mr. Le Queux's own work of a kindred kind in "The Bond of Black." Mr. Le Queux's soliloquies are tiresome, and his usually effective pseudo-supernaturalism falls flat. A man is drugged by means of a cigar, strikes his head in falling, and under the influence of another accidental injury wakes up six years later to consciousness of the fact that in the interim he has been living another life and pursuing a career that has made him a millionaire. In the end this man of many accidents marries "Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Marie Elizabeth Mabel, third daughter of His Majesty the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria"!

"The Son of the House." By Bertha Thomas. London: Chatto and Windus. 1900. 6s.

The "house" was a brand-new parvenu house, supported upon the merchandise of gloves, and the "son" was meant to establish it above reproach by a distinguished marriage. The experienced reader will at once foresee the penniless clergyman's daughter and the rage of the ambitious mother. In this case, the rage at the mésalliance is complicated by a separate rage at some artless socialist opinions developed by the troublesome son: they end by getting him clapped into a private lunatic asylum, after the good old early Victorian fashion. It will be seen that plot is not the author's strong point; but her style is pleasant and amusing.

"Little Lady Mary." By Horace G. Hutchinson. London: Smith, Elder. 1900. 6s.

Of the two stories which make up this volume "Little Lady Mary" is the more vivacious. The little lady is absurd and extravagantly romantic, but there is a touch of pathos in her Quixotism. In both stories the theme is the same—self-sacrifice: in the one self-sacrifice of the woman for the man, in the other that of the man for the woman, as Mr. Hutchinson tells us in a preface in which he takes himself more seriously than his readers probably will do. We prefer wandering with him through the glades of the New Forest to following him in the paths of fiction.

"His Lordship's Leopard." By D. D. Wells. London: Heinemann. 1900. 3s. 6d.

There is a refreshing candour in Mr. Wells' complaint that his previous book was approached by one critic as serious literature and treated according to the standards of the higher criticism. We will not apply any such tests to "His Lordship's Leopard," whose merits consist only in the broadest buffoonery. But Mr. Wells carries the cap and bells merrily, and his story leaves behind it a feeling of genuine amusement modified only by the banal vulgarity of some of the incidents in which the Bishop of Blanford is concerned.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation." London: Murray. 1900.

There are three features of this the first number of the new series of the above-named journal, which are especially valuable

at present. These are the articles on "Martial Law in Rebellion" by Mr. G. G. Phillimore, "Comparative Views of Contraband" by Mr. J. M. Gover, and a complete reprint of the Australasian Federation Bill. The last named extends over twenty pages, and is a good example of the unstinted generosity with which all important subjects are afforded space in this excellent periodical. Mr. Phillimore's article is a treatise in itself, incomplete only by its brief treatment of martial law in other countries which really do, within the boundaries of their constitutions, find a place for martial law strictly so called, whereas in Great Britain and the United States no such provision is made, and martial law simply does not exist. The late Mr. Finlason tried to prove the contrary, but the usual opinion, as Mr. Phillimore's historical retrospect shows, is against this view, and when governors and generals in such position as exist now in South Africa have assumed the responsibility of setting aside the ordinary law, in every case Acts of Indemnity have been passed. Mr. Gover's article, of course, deals with the recent Delagoa Bay seizure. Most English lawyers are as well acquainted with the distinguished American Jurist and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, Oliver Wendell Holmes, as lay readers are with his father the "Autocrat," and an excellent portrait is the frontispiece of the journal. A biographical note is contributed by Sir Frederick Pollock; and we may perhaps be allowed to say that the likeness between the latter and his friend the Chief Justice seems to us quite singular.

"Muret-Sanders Encyclopædic English-German and German-English Dictionary." London: Grevel. 1900. 14s.

This is an abridgment of the large edition of Muret Sanders, and is one of that series of dictionaries in which the phonetic system adopted is that known as the Toussaint-Langensherdt method. It is the method most popular in Germany, and as applied to English it represents pronunciation with more precision than perhaps any other. The volume contains both parts English-German and German-English, the former consisting of 844 pages and the latter of 889, each page being divided into three columns. It abounds in minute definitions, explanations, and distinctions; so that for all purposes of reference which the most thorough student can require, unless he want a special technological dictionary, this work may be taken as complete. So elaborate is it that we object to the statement that it is intended to be a school-book. Any claim but that may be made for it. It is not at all adapted for the use of schoolboys, but a German who knows English fairly well, or an Englishman who knows German and has the necessary skill in using a complex lexicon, will scarcely find one more suited to his requirements. In every respect it is a most admirable production and ought to be largely used in both Germany and England.

"A New Dictionary of Foreign Phrases and Classical Quotations." By Hugh Percy Jones. London: Deacon. 1900. 7s. 6d.

"Deacon's Dictionary of Foreign Phrases" is a well-known book, and this new volume on the same lines contains ten times the information at only double the original price. Mr. Jones has translated, and rendered into equivalent English, an immense number of striking sentences, aphorisms, popular proverbs, and certain technical phrases popularised by their use in connexion with the arts such as music and painting, and he has taken his goods from Latin Greek French German Italian Spanish and Portuguese. Hardly any kind of reading is more amusing, even if one knows a language only sufficiently to follow short sentences, than a good collection of its most characteristic quotations translated by so competent a scholar as Mr. Jones. In the less known languages such as Spanish and Portuguese, which happen to be fuller of the particular species of wit and wisdom which make the charm of a book of this kind, it is hardly less amusing to read the translations alone. Mr. Jones has written a most interesting introduction and his explanatory notes illustrate many of the quotations with curious out-of-the-way information of a literary and historical character. The whole book is not only useful for reference but one that can be read continuously for amusement and instruction.

"Smith's Manual of Equity." 15th Edition. By Sydney E. Williams. London: Stevens and Sons. 1900. 12s. 6d.

"Shirley's Leading Cases." 6th Edition. By Richard Watson. London: Stevens and Sons. 1900. 16s.

Both these books are as familiar in the mouths of law students as household words, and it is a work of supererogation to say more of them than that they have been carefully revised by the competent editors and the legislation and cases affecting the subjects of which they treat brought down to date. Even the change in "Shirley" from the jocosity of the earlier editions dates from the appearance of the fourth, and if one still treasures the editions prior to the fourth as a curiosity in law books and a memento of the author's personality, doubtless as a mere law book the change is an improvement.

"The Confessions of S. Augustine: in Ten Books." London: Kegan Paul. 1900. 15s. net.

A charming book. Title, paper, binding, all are good. In its vellum cover and general "get up," it reminds one of the

Kelmscott books. We are not saying that it is by any means on a level with them; at the price it could not be; but within its limits, the volume is an admirable piece of work. Its attractiveness, if not enhanced, is hardly diminished by Mr. Paul Woodroffe's designs, engraved by Miss Clemence Housman. The title-page by Mr. Laurence Housman is exactly in the right style. We have no hesitation in commending this volume to anyone who wants to make a really good present.

"Fitzgibbon's Sporting Almanac, 1900." London. 2s. 6d. net.

Every department of national activity by this time probably has at least one year-book. Sport has now two, both started this year. The new comer is described as "a comprehensive epitome of all sports" with full records and pictures. The sectional reviews for 1899, written by experts like Mr. C. M. Pitman, Mr. Charles P. Sisley, Mr. S. Mussabini, Mr. Robert Watson, Mr. A. M. Binstead and others are admirable. Several of them are indeed literary and gossiping essays such as one hardly looks for in a sporting almanac. Where the first volume is so good greater things will be expected from the second.

"Papers and Essays." By G. W. Gent, M.A. London: S.P.C.K.

The numerous friends of the late Principal of Lampeter will be glad to possess in a permanent form these slender relics of his vigorous understanding, generous sympathy, and untiring industry. The Bishop of Rochester contributes an appreciative memoir.

"The Peasants' Rising and the Lollards." Edited by Edgar Powell and G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans: 1899.

This is the supplement to Mr. Trevelyan's book "The Age of Wycliffe." The documents here printed for the first time give a curious picture of some aspects of mediæval life, and will be welcomed by all students of English history.

The statement in our "Literary Notes" column last week that "My Birds" by Mr. H. D. Alster will be added to the "Haddon Hall Library" is incorrect. It will however be published by Messrs. Dent and Co.

THE MAY REVIEWS.

Distinguished foreigners attempt in three of the leading monthlies to explain the views taken by their respective countries of Great Britain and things British. In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. H. H. Bowen assures us of the chivalry of the American "nation" and of the insignificance of the pro-Boer manifestations which have been promoted partly by Irish Americans and partly by those who are desirous of "boosting" William Jennings Bryan's candidacy for the presidency." Mr. Bowen's account of American sentiments strikes us as not much more reliable than his English. We have only to turn to the May issue of the "Forum" for a blunt statement of the truth. Mr. Henry L. West gives as his main reason for doubting whether President McKinley will be re-elected the pro-British attitude of the administration. "There is, throughout the country, unmistakable enmity towards Great Britain. It is not confined to party." As though to make assurance doubly sure we have in the same number of the "Forum" an article by "the late Consul-General for the South African Republic," Mr. Gavin B. Clark, M.P., whose highly patriotic purpose is to prove to America how badly Great Britain has always treated the Boers. In the "Contemporary" Dr. Theodor Barth shows that German sympathies also are with the Boers, but he is a candid patriot. "Germany," he says, "has attained her full measure of political power comparatively late, and like any other *nouveau riche* she is suspicious of any high-handed dealing. She has acquired an extraordinary degree of political and economic self-esteem; she has ceased to occupy the modest position of the tutor in the European family, but the usages of the schoolmaster period have left their mark." In the "Fortnightly" Baron Pierre de Coubertin discusses the possibility of a war between England and France. As a good Frenchman who loves England he thinks he is "in a better position than anyone else to unravel the right and wrong" and he seeks to answer three questions: Are there really any grounds of quarrel between the two countries sufficiently serious to bring about war? What is the nature and what the cause of the mutual hostility between the two countries? What illusions are cherished in either country about the other? He has no hesitation in declaring that the only question which is of sufficient gravity to bring about a conflict is Newfoundland and there conflict may be avoided by sincerity and good sense on both sides. He tries hard to hold the balance steady as between the French and English press, but when he points out that the Anglophobe campaign in France is much less serious than are the attacks on France in English journals because the former are fireworks which leave no trace behind in the memory of those who indulge in them, he forgets that English readers can hardly be expected to look at the matter through French spectacles. To his mind, the

worst offence of the English press is to speak of the moral decadence of France. But what are the irresponsible practices which he himself alleges against French newspapers but evidence of moral decadence? The SATURDAY REVIEW is not among those who love to decry France, but we certainly cannot consider that Baron de Coubertin's defence is peculiarly happy or convincing. What every sane man will cordially endorse is the Baron's view that England and France equally misunderstand each other, that they are ignorant of each other's strength and that a war between them would be "the most foolish and aimless war that was ever waged."

If however war should unhappily come, are we any more prepared for it than we were for the South African crisis? In a military sense we are wanting according to Sir Edward Newdegate in the "Fortnightly" in up-to-date methods of drill and tactics; according to Major-General F. S. Russell in "Blackwood" in matters which it is the special province of the Intelligence Department to look after; according to Mr. Baillie-Grohman in the "Nineteenth" in ability to shoot straight and in reliable weapons, even if we knew how to use them; and according to an Officer in the "Contemporary," in the organisation of our marvellous resources. But serious as the shortcomings in these directions may be, they are of little importance compared with the deficiencies which the alarmist is prone to discover in the navy. The Admiralty assures us that all is well with the best of all possible navies, but the Admiralty view is not taken by the extra-official investigators. In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. Edmund Robertson shows what France has been doing in constructing and experimenting with submarine boats. British experts regard these boats as worse than a negligible quantity: they might prove a positive danger to their own friends in war-time. French experts on the other hand are fully satisfied that a valuable addition has been made to both offensive and defensive opportunities. Mr. Robertson's paper is followed by one by Mr. Charles Lart lamenting "the dearth of naval engineers." Altogether the outlook as indicated by these various writers is sufficiently gloomy, and if the condition of things is correctly described we should in any new crisis be afforded ample scope for showing our ability to muddle through our difficulties somehow. Bitter as have been some of the lessons learned in South Africa, many as have been "the popular idols" who, as "Blackwood" says, have been smashed on the Modder and the Tugela, our troubles have been nothing compared with the hideous awakening which would be in store if the navy failed us.

So far the monthly reviews have made no serious effort to grapple in a practical spirit with the question of Imperial Federation. Writers discuss the subject either on a side issue or deal in generalities which may mean much or nothing. Mr. John Macdonell in the "Nineteenth Century" thinks a great deal might be done by a codification of the laws of the Empire and the creation in London of a school of law to be frequented by the whole English-speaking people. "Why should they not here study law as they study medicine in Paris or Vienna?" Mr. J. A. Murray Macdonald in the "Contemporary," inspired no doubt by Mr. John Redmond's recent utterance, is concerned to show how the Liberal Party may make Imperial Federation a means of securing Home Rule. The idea of separating the domestic from the Imperial functions and giving Great Britain and every other component part of the Empire a local parliament, whilst a council is created for the whole Empire, has no terrors for Mr. Macdonald. That however is the chief obstacle to a solution of the Federation problem. Dr. Guinness Rogers' essay in the "Contemporary" on "The Church and the War" tells us very little about the Church and much about Dr. Guinness Rogers' views of Mr. Hobson, Mr. Fitzpatrick and others who have written on the Transvaal. Of essays of the miscellaneous order, Mr. Alexander Sutherland's on "Woman's Brain" and Dr. Jessopp's on "The Elders of Arcady" both in the "Nineteenth Century," and the late Mr. William Larminie's charming parallel and contrast between Carlyle and Shelley in the "Contemporary" are noteworthy. Mr. Sutherland adopts an eminently reasonable view on a very delicate question as to which prejudice and science do not always agree. It has been the practice he says to discourage the clever woman and encourage the clever boy. Hence "there could be no fairness in pointing to the relative frequency of genius in the two sexes as a proof of the disparity of capacity. And yet when all allowances are dispassionately made there lies in history a substantial balance in favour of the male intellect, and this we may fairly enough consider to be dependent on difference of size. For it is to be remembered that an excess of 10 per cent. is no mere trifle." Thus is woman's wit literally weighed in the balance and found wanting.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Von der leichten Seite: Geschichten und Skizzen. Von Ferdinand Gross. Leipzig: Wilhelm Friedrich. 3m.

Herr Friedrich, who has collected in this pleasant little volume a miscellany of stories and sketches, is an Austrian by

birth and a Viennese by sympathy. His love for his "Donaustadt"—the beautiful capital on the Danube—is part of his literary inheritance, and it shines through the majority of these papers which sometimes rise to the dignity of essays and sometimes sink to the level of the *feuilleton*. Midway between the two, perhaps, is the study of the "Wienerin," the typical Viennese girl, in the course of which the writer quite correctly says: "Vienna, as a community, is a flourishing centre where Orient and Occident find a familiar meeting-place. Our dialect contains elements of Spanish, Italian, and French periods or strata. The Wienerin, accordingly, possesses qualities which are not directly indigenous to the soil; she bears the marks of half a dozen European nations, and those who learn to know her best take the keenest pleasure in this display of the cross-breeding of the peoples." We have here the secret of all the charm and half the troubles of Vienna. Politically and socially, it is a mixed civilisation which has not yet quite attained the smooth road of cosmopolitanism. In its love of art and refinement, in its manners and partly in its language, it is the Paris of South-Eastern Europe, but it is at the same time a gate of the East, through which there flow the passions and the tastes of its Oriental connexions. The Orient Express is not merely a passenger-train; it is a symbol in the making of Vienna. But Herr Friedrich's graceful meditations are not confined to his own city. In more than one of these papers, he introduces—or follows—his countrymen to a study of exotic fashions, and we may refer especially to his elegy on the departing "Blue Stocking." Though he admits that women have never before taken so prominent a place in literature as to-day (and this is true of Austrian women in a notable degree) yet he holds that the typical blue stocking is following the conventional mother-in-law and old maid into the region of tradition. His use of the authority of Hannah More, Dr. Johnson and others makes this essay peculiarly readable. In another place, "The Journalist's Catechism," Herr Friedrich gives evidence of a neat command of satire; he submits a series of questions and answers in order to meet the necessity of stereotyped situations. We select a few: "Question.—What would not end? Answer.—The storms of applause. Q.—Where do we stand? A.—On the eve of great events. Q.—What has been formed? A.—A committee. Q.—Why has the minister resigned? A.—Owing to ill health. Q.—What remained dry? A.—No eye." We would further instance the paper on "The Art of Becoming a Worshipper of Nature in Twenty-four Hours."

Der ausserordentliche Finnländische Landtag. 1899. Translated and edited by Dr. Fritz Arnheim. And three other pamphlets relating to the Russo-Finnish question. Leipzig: Duncker and Humblot. 1900. 10m. 20c.

We can do little more than acknowledge with thanks the receipt of these important contributions on the difficulties that have arisen between the brave little Parliament of Finland and the Russian overlord on the question of military service. When the politics of the moment have disappeared, this dispute between the Finn and the Muscovite will take its place in the literature of history on constitutional no less than on dramatic grounds. At that date the documents now published in Leipzig will possess considerable literary value. They include, 1. Dr. Arnheim's "Transcription of the Reply of the Finnish Estates to the Imperial Proposals for the Reform of the Finland Army System" with an historical introduction; 2. "An examination of the Rights of Finland," based on a scrutiny of the Acts by a Finnish lawyer; 3. A contribution to the question of the "Constitutional Position of the Grand Duchy of Finland," based mainly on the work of Dr. R. Hermanson, and 4. a paper on the "Constitutional Relations between Finland and Russia," by B. Getz, a Norwegian State Counsel. The problems involved in this dispute are of considerable difficulty, and we confidently recommend historical students to provide themselves with these four authorities. The Finnish question ranks with that of Schleswig-Holstein in interest and, perhaps, in insolubility.

Philipp II. August, König von Frankreich. Vol. I. Book iii. Philip Augustus and Henry II. of England, 1186-1189. By Dr. Alexander Cartellieri, history tutor at Heidelberg University. Leipzig: F. Meyer. 1900.

This is the third part of the first volume of Dr. Cartellieri's history of Philip II. of France (1180-1223). It concludes the first volume of which the previous instalments were published respectively in September, 1898, and February, 1899, and it brings the narrative down to the end of the year 1189. Students of history may thus take the opportunity to congratulate the author on completing with praiseworthy punctuality a considerable section of his important task, and on adding another to the many debts which learning acknowledges to the University at Heidelberg. Dr. Cartellieri maintains, in despite of some friendly suggestions to the contrary, his principle of arrangement by the order of facts rather than by the order of time; but he promises to supply, at the conclusion of his labours, a complete chronological conspectus of Philip Augustus and his age. Meantime, he adverts in an appendix to some of the earlier criticisms on his work. It is impossible to

appraise in this place a contribution to history resting on the exact study of authorities, the bare enumeration of which fills nine pages of close print, further reinforced by information from unpublished sources. Our readers will be interested, however, in the account given by the historian of King Henry II. of England, and of Henry, the eldest of his rebellious sons: "It was a fatal coincidence," writes Dr. Cartellieri, "anent the death of young Henry in June, 1183, and the severance of the Aquitanian League, that a prince like Henry II., who contributed to so extraordinary an extent to the formation of the modern state, should have been compelled to see the worst qualities of chivalry embodied in his own sons. It is hard to understand to day the fascination that the younger Henry exercised. From the date of his coronation till that of his death, his life was a series of ungrateful, selfish and treacherous acts. Nevertheless, the charm is vouched for by men as clever as William Marshall, and it was not everyone who consoled himself with William of Newburgh's reflection that the fools shall not inherit the earth. The younger Henry, by the evidence of all who knew him, was the incomparable flower of chivalry. His tall figure, his handsome features, his winning manner that captivated all hearts, and, above all, his brilliant liberality, were the subject of universal honour. A contemporary says of him that he roused the slumbering chivalry to new life, and brought it to its highest perfection. But his struggles were mere sport to him. His strong right arm was never lent to the service of a higher, constitutional ideal; it is hardly too much to assert that he was the blind tool of his clever French brother-in-law." It will be seen that Dr. Cartellieri by no means despises the virtues of an incisive style and of a due regard to the personal equation, despite his wealth of learning and the severe historical method which he brings to his task.

Deutsche Rundschau. Mai 1900. Berlin: Gebrüder Paetel.

The most interesting contribution to the May number of Dr. Julius Rodenberg's review is the first part of a new story by Ernst von Wildenbruch, the well known playwright and novelist. Herr von Wildenbruch is a writer of deep sensibility, and when he abandons the arid field of Prussian and Brandenburg Court dramas, there is no man living in Germany who can win more quickly to the heart through the medium of the written word. His present story is called "Jealousy" and it opens with a graphic and fascinating account of a lonely old man, of a sour exterior but a tender heart, with a particularly soft place in it for children. Indeed, he holds the unorthodox view that children are the sole surviving human beings; "grown-up people are human no longer," he declares. "Each is a professional man, and his profession becomes his nature." It should be added that he has spent the greater part of his life in the civil service of Prussia. He is a friendless old man, and his attentions to the children in the local orphanage are discouraged because he used the opportunity, in distributing his gifts at Christmas, to give them practical lessons against the deadly sin of jealousy. Happily, he makes one friend, however, in a man who has been watching some children at play, and who has therefore some traces of humanity, and Herr von Wildenbruch breaks off the present instalment of his tale at the point where the hero is about to relate his life-history. "Jealousy" is obviously the key to his experience, and we fear that he may have been a fratricide. A more topical contribution, in connexion with the Shah's approaching visit to Europe, is "European Rivalry in Persia and the German Bagdad Railway," by H. Vambéry, and interest attaches to an article by Major Otto Wachs on "Maritime Stations and Submarine Cables." A paper on "Beggars in Large Towns" is of no particular value; but the literary contributions on "Erasmus as a Satirist" and on "Shakespeare in France"—by Lady Blennerhasset—should be attentively read. There are the usual editorial summaries of politics and books.

Neue Deutsche Rundschau. Mai 1900.

The fiction this month is an "American Character-study," the scene of which is laid in Fifth Avenue, New York. It relates the sad disillusion of a journalist and a professor who both set out, in the interests of his respective art, to study the social problem *ab ovo*, and each regarded the other as a brilliant example of aboriginal destitution. There is a well-written criticism of "New Dramas," and "George Egerton" is one of the novelists whose works are editorially reviewed.

We have to acknowledge with thanks a select catalogue of artistic publications by F. Bruckmann, of Munich; the programme of entertainments in May at the casino in Wiesbaden, and numbers 28-31 of the Liberal weekly, "Die Nation." To this we are indebted for the following gem rescued from a German comic paper. The German for "sorry as I am" is "so leid's mir thut" and the witticism ran that a notice was pinned on the closed door of each of the five Great Powers for the information of the Boer Peace Delegates—"So Leyd's mir thut, I can do nothing for you. Please apply next door."

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Aristophanes: Peace (W. W. Merry). Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.

Corpus Poetarum Latinorum a se aliisque denuo recognitorum et brevis lectionum varietate instructorum Edidit Johannes Percival Postgate. Fasc. III. Londini: Sumptibus G. Bell et Filiorum.

FICTION.

Smith Brunt: a Story of the Old Navy (Waldron Kintzing Post) Putnam.

From Sand-hill to Pine (Bret Harte). Pearson. 6s.

Hilda Wade (Grant Allen). Richards. 6s.

The Legend of Eden (Harry Lander). Pearson.

The Rhodesians (Tracey Chambers). John Lane. 3s. 6d.

The Fatalist (David Ventura). New Century Press. 3s. 6d.

A Man: his Mark (W. C. Morrow). Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

A Girl of the North (Helen Milecete). Greening. 6s.

The Boy from Cuba (Walter Rhoades); The Fighting Lads of Devon (Murray Graydon). Partridge. 2s. 6d. each.

The Sack of London by the Highland Host (a Romance of the Period by Jingo Jones). Simpkin. 6s.

Nell Gwyn, Comedian (Frankfort Moore). Pearson. 6s.

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The Crowning of Gloria (Richard Reardon). John Long. 6s.

By Lone Craig-Linnie Burn (Archibald McIlroy). Unwin. 2s. 6d.

In an Old Garden (Lady Henry Somerset). S.P.C.K.

Towards the Land of the Rising Sun (Sister Katherine). S.P.C.K.

Jim Carruthers (The Earl of Ellesmere). Heinemann. 6s.

The Story of Grettir the Strong (Translated from the Icelandic by Eiríkr Magnússon and Wm. Morris). Longmans. 5s. net.

The Piteousness of Passing Things (Lilian Bowen-Rowlands). New Century Press. 3s. 6d.

Crumbs Gathered in the East (Gertrude Donaldson). New Century Press.

David Polmere (Mrs. Lodge). Digby, Long. 6s.

The Atherstone Bequest (Mrs. C. E. Terrot). Burleigh. 6s.

An American Countess (Mrs. Urban Hawkeswood). Macqueen.

Wayward Hearts (Darley Ryan). Digby, Long. 6s.

The Knights of the Cross (The Author of "Quo Vadis"—Henrik Sienkiewicz). Sands.

The Flowing Tide (Madame Belloc). Sands. 6s.

Novelas en Germen (Fray Candie [Emilio Bobadilla]. Tercera edicion).

Madrid: Librería de Victoriano Suárez. 2 ptas.

The Purple Robe (Joseph Hocking). Ward, Lock. 6s.

HISTORY.

Oxford University College Histories: Christ Church (The Rev. Henry L. Thompson). Robinson. 5s. net.

Heroes of the Nations:—Charlemagne (H. W. Carless Davis). Putnam. 5s.

Heroes of the Reformation:—Theodore Beza (Henry Martyn Baird). Putnam. 6s.

Greater Canada (E. B. Osborn). Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

The Kingdom and its Founders (G. H. Simpkinson). Wake and Dean. 2s. 6d.

Fifty Years in Western Africa (Rev. A. H. Barrow). S.P.C.K.

1815: Waterloo (Henry Houssaye). Black. 15s.

South Africa, Past and Present (Violet R. Markham). Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d.

The Welsh People (John Rhys and David Brynmor-Jones). Unwin. 16s.

NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT.

The Young Sportsman (Edited by Alfred E. T. Watson). Lawrence and Bullen.

Among the Birds in Northern Shires (Charles Dixon). Blackie. 7s. 6d.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Herr Walther von der Vogelweide: eine Geschichte aus der Zeit der Minnesänger, für die Jugend erzählt von Theodor Ebner (Edited by E. G. North. Authorised Edition). Macmillan. 2s.

Elementary Lessons in Electricity and Magnetism (Silvanus P. Thompson). Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

An Elementary French Grammar (G. Eugène Fasnacht). Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

History of Ancient Philosophy (Dr. W. Windelband. Translated by Herbert Ernest Cushman). Sampson Low. 10s. 6d. net.

Care and Treatment of Epileptics (William Pryor Letchworth). Putnam. 16s. net.

King Alfred's Version of the Consolations of Boethius (Done into Modern English by Walter John Sedgfield). Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

A Garner of Saints (Allen Hinds). Dent. 3s. 6d. net.

The Christian Conception of Holiness (E. H. Askwith). Macmillan. 6s.

Christ's Workers amongst All Conditions of Men (Mrs. T. R. Seddon). S.P.C.K.

The Life of Lives (F. W. Farrar). Cassell. 15s.

Old Testament Theology (Vol. II. Archibald Duff). Black. 10s.

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola (E. M. Rix). Sands. 3s. 6d.

The Saints:—Saint Jerome (Father Sargent). Duckworth. 3s.

TRAVEL.

Burma (Max and Bertha Ferrars). Sampson Low. 30s. net.

Joanne's Guide-Books:—Biarritz and its Vicinity. Hachette. 1fr.

Philips' Handy-Volume Atlas of the County of London (Third Edition). Philip and Son. 5s.
Our Stolen Summer: the Record of a Roundabout Tour (Mary Stuart Boyd). Blackwood. 18s.
Highways and Byways in Normandy (Percy Dearmer). Macmillan. 6s.
Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro (Alfred Russel Wallace). Ward, Lock. 2s.

VERSE.

Leggenda Eterna: Intermezzo—Risveglio (Vittoria Aganoor). Milano: Fratelli Treves. Lire Quattro.
A Priest's Poems (K. D. B.). Catholic Truth Society.
Wild Flowers (E. L.). Henry J. Glaisher. 3s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Aftermath (James Lane Allen). New York: The Macmillan Co. 3s. 6d.
Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky, The (James Lane Allen). New York: The Macmillan Co. 6s.
Church of Cyprus, The (The Rev. H. T. F. Duckworth). S.P.C.K.
Economics of Distribution (John A. Hobson). New York: The Macmillan Company. 5s. net.
Flute and Violin and other Kentucky Tales (James Lane Allen). New York: The Macmillan Co. 6s.
Four Months Besieged: the Story of Ladysmith (H. H. S. Pearse). Macmillan. 6s.
Golden Legend, The: or Lives of the Saints as Englished by William Caxton (The Temple Classics. 2 vols.). Dent. 1s. 6d. net each.
Historic Towns of the Middle States (Edited by Lyman P. Powell). Putnam. 15s.
How to Deal with your Banker (Henry Warren). Grant Richards.
Kentucky Cardinal, A (James Lane Allen). New York: The Macmillan Co. 3s. 6d.
Ladysmith: a Diary of the Siege (H. W. Nevins). Methuen. 6s.
L'Angleterre et l'Impérialisme (Par Victor Bérard). Paris: Armand Colin et Cie. 4f.
Love's Comedy (Henrik Ibsen. Translated by C. H. Herford). Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net.
Nouveau Dictionnaire de Géographie Universelle (Ouvrage commencé par M. Vivien de Saint-Martin et continué par Louis Rousselet). Paris: Hachette.
Offering and Sacrifice (A. F. Scott). Burleigh. 2s. 6d.
Origin and Character of the British People (N. Charles Macnamara). Smith, Elder. 6s.
Paris Exhibition, 1900: British Official Catalogue. 1fr.
Passmore Edwards Institutions (J. J. Macdonald). Strand Newspaper Company.
Poetical Works of Mathilde Blind (Edited by Arthur Symonds). Unwin. 7s. 6d.
Royal Rhetorician, A (King James VI. and I. Edited by Robert S. Rait). Constable. 3s. 6d. net.
Sidelights on the War (Lady Sykes). Unwin. 3s. 6d.
Some Fruits of Solitude (Wm. Penn). Freemantle. 2s. 6d. net.
Some Heresies Dealt With (Alexander H. Japp). Burleigh. 6s.
Spring and Autumn in Ireland (Alfred Austin). Blackwood. 3s. 6d.
Warwick Shakespeare, The: King John. Blackie.
Wohnungsnot und Wohnungsjammer (von Dr. Hans Kurella). Frankfurt a. M.: Verlag von Reinhold Hülsen. M. 1, 20.
REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR MAY:—Harper's Monthly, 1s.; Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse; Law Magazine, 5s.; The Atlantic Monthly, 1s.; The American Historical Review; The Classical Review, 1s. 6d.; The Artist, 1s.; The Book-seller, 6d.

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PRESIDENT.. .. SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, on Saturday, 12 May, at half-past six o'clock.

The Right Hon. Lord Tweedmouth, P.C., in the chair.

Dinner Tickets, including Wines, One Guinea.

Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by

ALFRED WATERHOUSE, R.A., Treasurer.

WALTER W. OULESS, R.A., Honorary Secretary.

DOUGLAS G. H. GORDON, Secretary.

41 Jermyn Street, S.W.

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CROWN DEEP, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - £300,000,

In 300,000 Shares of £1 each, all issued.

INTERIM REPORT

For the 15 Months ending 31st March, 1900.

Directorate.

F. ECKSTEIN (*Chairman*)

J. P. FITZPATRICK ... ALTERNATE ... R. W. SCHUMACHER.

E. BIRKENRUTH.

H. A. ROGERS ... ALTERNATE ... W. H. ROGERS.

G. ROULIOT.

H. DUVAL.

To the Shareholders.

GENTLEMEN,

Owing to the outbreak of hostilities between Great Britain and the South African Republic, your Directors have not been able to convene the Annual General Meeting of Shareholders, which is usually held in the middle of March, nor are they able to issue the usual Annual Report for the Financial Year ending 31st December, 1899. It has, however, been decided to issue an Interim Report in order to afford Shareholders all possible information regarding the Company's Property and Accounts up to date.

War was declared on the 11th October, 1899, and on the 5th October the Mine was closed down in view of eventualities and the extreme uncertainty prevailing. Arrangements were made for the protection of the Mine and Surface Works by a Special Police Force, consisting of about 400 non-British subjects. This Force was to patrol the mines between Randfontein, on the West, and Modderfontein, on the East, and was to be paid by all the Mining Companies interested.

In concert with other Mining Companies on the Witwatersrand Gold Fields, your Directors paid a bonus of £25 to each of the Company's employes who remained at work until the closing down of the Mine.

Your Directors regret to report that the Company's shipment of Gold which was made from Johannesburg on the 2nd October, 1899, valued at about £16,350, was seized by the South African Republic from the mail train on its arrival at the border of the State. The Insurance Company with whom the Gold was insured repudiates any liability, and, as the matter is still *sub judice*, your Directors are only able to assure you that every effort will be made to protect the Company's interests.

The Company's Title Deeds, &c., were removed from the South African Republic prior to the declaration of war, and the Licences payable to the Government were paid up to the 31st December, 1899; since that date every precaution has been taken to safeguard the Company's Claim Property by the tender of the amounts due for Licences, &c. A Proclamation has been issued by the British Government to the effect that it will not recognise the validity of any confiscation of property by the South African Republic after the commencement of hostilities, and your Directors have no doubts regarding the validity of the Company's title on the cessation of hostilities.

It is not possible to submit the Company's Accounts to you to the closing down of the Mine, in consequence of the Accounts for Septem-

ber, 1899, not having been completed before the declaration of war, and owing to the Company's Books and Records having to be left in Johannesburg; but your Directors beg to submit a provisional and unaudited Balance Sheet as at 31st August, 1899.

It will be seen that the profit for the eight months ending 31st August, 1899, has amounted to £146,650 14s. 9d., equal to an average monthly profit of £18,331. The Capital Expenditure for the eight months ending 31st August, 1899, amounted to £9,721 14s. 3d.

No provision has been made in the accounts submitted to 31st August, 1899, for the Government Tax of 5 per cent. on the net profit obtained from working the Company's claims, as the Tax has to be based on the results obtained to the close of the Company's Financial Year.

During the eight months ending 31st August, 1899, your Directors disposed of 5,000 Robinson Central Deep Ltd. Shares, which realised £13,488 14s., and which leaves 108,384 Robinson Central Deep Ltd. Shares on hand.

An Interim Dividend (No. 2) of 25 per cent. was declared and paid for the half-year ending 30th June, which absorbed £75,000.

The Cash and Cash Assets at 31st August amounted to £48,409 4s. 8d. after deducting all Liabilities excepting Calls not then made on Robinson Central Deep Ltd. Shares subscribed for.

In order to arrive at the Company's Financial position as at 31st December, 1899, the net profit for the month of September and portion of October has to be taken into account, against which must be calculated the Calls paid on Robinson Central Deep Ltd. Shares subscribed for, Bonus to employes, Policing, Caretaking, Licences, Salaries, &c., to 31st December, 1899. It is estimated that a deficit of £16,100 will be shown on account of the above. This deficit reduces the Cash and Cash Assets, as at 31st December, 1899, to £32,309 4s. 8d., when including in the Cash Assets the value of Gold seized (£16,350) by the South African Republic.

The Company's liability on Robinson Central Deep Limited Shares for Calls not yet made amounts to £24,196 1s. 0d.

The expenditure from 1st January, 1900, merely consists of Licences, Salaries, &c., which amount to a comparatively small sum per month.

Your Directors refer you to the General Manager's Report on the Company's operations from the 1st January, 1899, to the closing down of the Mine.

Cape Town,
2nd April, 1900.

F. ECKSTEIN, *Chairman*,
G. ROULIOT, *Director*,
F. RALEIGH, *Secretary*.

ROSE DEEP, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - - £425,000,

In 425,000 Shares of £1 each, all issued.

INTERIM REPORT

For the 15 Months ending 31st March, 1900.

Directorate.

G. ROULIOT (*Chairman*)

H. A. ROGERS ALTERNATE W. H. ROGERS.

J. S. CURTIS ALTERNATE J. E. SHARP.

R. BIRKENRUTH.

H. DUVAL.

F. ECKSTEIN ALTERNATE R. W. SCHUMACHER.

To the Shareholders.

GENTLEMEN,

Owing to the outbreak of hostilities between Great Britain and the South African Republic, your Directors have not been able to convene the Annual General Meeting of Shareholders, which is usually held in the middle of March, nor are they able to issue the usual Annual Report for the Financial Year ending 31st December, 1899. It has, however, been decided to issue an Interim Report in order to afford Shareholders all possible information regarding the Company's Property and Accounts up to date.

War was declared on the 11th October, 1899, and on the 7th October the Mine was closed down in view of eventualities and the extreme uncertainty prevailing. Arrangements were made for the protection of the Mine and Surface Works by a Special Police Force, consisting of about 400 non-British subjects. This Force was to patrol the Mines between Randfontein, on the West, and Modderfontein, on the East, and was to be paid by all the Mining Companies interested.

Your Directors, however, hear that the Government of the South African Republic took possession of the Mine and Works about the middle of November, and has since been carrying on Milling operations.

In concert with other Mining Companies on the Witwatersrand Gold Fields, your Directors paid a Bonus of £25 to each of the Company's employes who remained at work until the closing down of the Mine.

Your Directors regret to report that the Company's shipment of Gold, which was made from Johannesburg on the 2nd October, 1899, valued at about £30,450, was seized by the Government of the South African Republic from the mail train on its reaching the border of the State. The Insurance Company with whom the Gold was insured repudiates any liability, and as the matter is still *sub judice*, your Directors are only able to assure you that every effort will be made to protect the Company's interests.

The Company's Title Deeds, &c., were removed from the South African Republic prior to the declaration of war, and the Licences payable to the Government were paid up to the 31st December, 1899; since that date every precaution has been taken to safeguard the Company's Mynpacht and Claim Property by the tender of the amounts due for Licences, &c. A Proclamation has been issued by the British Government to the effect that it will not recognise the validity of any confiscation of property by the South African Republic after the commencement of hostilities, and your Directors have no doubts regarding the validity of the Company's title on the cessation of hostilities.

It is not possible to submit the Company's Accounts to you to the closing of the Mine, in consequence of the Accounts for September,

1899, not having been completed before the declaration of war, and owing to the Company's Books and Records having to be left in Johannesburg; but your Directors beg to submit herewith a provisional and unaudited Balance Sheet as at 31st August, 1899.

It will be seen that the profit has continued to be most satisfactory, amounting to £232,645 os. 1d. for the eight months ending 31st August, 1899, equal to an average monthly profit of £29,080. The Capital Expenditure for the eight months ending 31st August, 1899, amounted to £15,088 18s. 11d.

No provision has been made in the Accounts submitted to 31st August, 1899, for the Government Tax of 2½ per cent. on the value of the Gold obtained from the Company's Mynpachts, and the Tax of 5 per cent. on the net profit obtained from working the Company's claims, as the Taxes have to be based on the results obtained to the close of the Company's Financial Year.

An Interim Dividend (No. 2) of 40 per cent. was declared and paid for the half-year ending 30th June, which absorbed £170,000.

The Cash and Cash Assets on hand at 31st August, 1899, after deducting Liabilities, amounted to £84,796 13s. 9d.

In order to arrive at the Company's Financial Position as at 31st December, 1899, the net profit for the month of September and portion of October has to be taken into account, against which must be calculated the Bonus to employes, Policing, Caretaking, Licences, Salaries, &c., to 31st December, 1899. It is estimated that a surplus of £5,700 will be shown on account of the above. This surplus brings the Company's Cash and Cash Assets, as at 31st December, 1899, to £90,496 13s. 9d. when including in the Cash Assets the value of gold seized (£30,450) by the South African Republic.

The expenditure made from 1st January, 1900, merely consists of Licences, Salaries, &c., which amount to a comparatively small sum per month.

Notwithstanding the Company's large Cash Balance as at 31st December, your Directors have deemed it advisable not to declare the usual Interim Dividend for the half-year ending that date, but to reserve the Company's funds until the termination of the war, which course they feel sure you will approve of.

Your directors refer you to the General Manager's Report, attached hereto, on the Company's operations from 1st January, 1899, to the closing down of the Mine.

G. ROULIOT, *Chairman*.

F. ECKSTEIN, *Director*.

F. RALEIGH, *Secretary*.

Cape Town,

2nd April, 1900.

ROSE DEEP, LIMITED—Continued.

[illegible]

F. RALEIGH, *Secretary.*

G. ROULIOT, *Chairman.*
F. ECKSTEIN, *Director.*

**PROVISIONAL WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE ACCOUNT FOR EIGHT MONTHS ENDING
31st AUGUST, 1899.**

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Mining Expenses.				169,255	16	6						
„ Milling Expenses.				37,894	19	6						
„ Cyaniding Expenses ...				35,236	12	11						
„ General Expenses, Mine ...				8,037	12	9						
„ General Expenses, Head Office—												
Salaries ...	1,013	6	8									
Stationery, Printing, Advertising, Postages and Telegrams	614	4	11									
Directors' and Auditors' Fees	1,020	12	0									
Licences ...	543	11	2									
Sundry General Expenses ...	691	9	1									
	3,883	3	10									
Less Interest received ...	1,400	0	0									
				2,483	3	10						
„ Balance—							252,908	5	6			
Profit on Eight Months' working, carried to Provisional Appropriation Account ...							232,645	0	1			
				£485,553	5	7						

F. RALEIGH, *Secretary.*

G. ROULIOT, *Chairman.*
F. ECKSTEIN, *Director.*

LANGLAAGTE DEEP, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - - - £750,000,

In 750,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 650,000 Shares are issued.

INTERIM REPORT FOR THE 8 MONTHS ENDING 31st MARCH, 1900.

DIRECTORATE.

F. ECKSTEIN (*Chairman*) ALTERNATE R. W. SCHUMACHER.
H. A. ROGERS. A. T. SCHMIDT. C. S. GOLDMANN.
J. P. FITZPATRICK ALTERNATE G. ROULIOT.

To the Shareholders.

GENTLEMEN,

The Fourth Annual General Meeting of Shareholders was held in Johannesburg on 13th October, 1899, at which the Company's Accounts for the Financial Year ending 31st July, 1899, were submitted. At the time of holding the Meeting war had been declared by the South African Republic against Great Britain. The Chairman's address to Shareholders dealt fully with the Company's position at that time, and stated the precautions taken for safeguarding the property during the war. A Report of the proceedings at the Meeting was duly forwarded to you with your Directors' Fourth Annual Report and Accounts.

It has now been decided to issue an Interim Report in order to afford Shareholders all possible information regarding the Company's Property and Accounts to date.

With regard to the Company's shipment of Gold, valued at about £19,950, which was seized by the Government of the South African Republic on the 2nd October, 1899, from the mail train on its arrival at the border of the State, the Insurance Company with whom the Gold was insured repudiates any liability, and as the matter is still *sub judice* your Directors are only able to assure you that every effort will be made to protect the Company's interests.

The Company's Title Deeds, &c., were removed from the South African Republic prior to the declaration of war, and the Licences payable to the Government were paid up to the 31st December, 1899; since that date every precaution has been taken to safeguard the Company's Claim Property by the tender of the amounts due for Licences, &c. A Proclamation has been issued by the British Government to the effect that it will not recognise the validity of any confiscation of property by the South African Republic after the commencement of hostilities, and your Directors have no doubts regarding the validity of the Company's title on the cessation of hostilities.

It is not possible to submit the Company's Accounts to you from 1st August, 1899, to the closing of the Mine, in consequence of the Accounts for September, 1899, not having been completed before the declaration of war, and owing to the Company's Books and Records having to be left in Johannesburg; but your Directors beg to submit a provisional and unaudited Balance Sheet as at 31st August, 1899.

It will be seen that the profit for the month of August, 1899, amounted to £6,415 2s. 9d. The Capital Expenditure for the same month amounted to £2,821 19s. 6d.

The net Liabilities at 31st August, 1899, after deducting Cash and Cash Assets, amounted to £490,466 18s. 6d.

In order to arrive at the Company's Financial position as at 31st December, 1899, the net profit for the month of September and portion of October has to be taken into account, against which must be calculated the Bonus to employés, Policing, Caretaking, Licences, Salaries, Interest, &c., to 31st December, 1899. It is estimated that a deficit of about £5,100 will be shown hereon. This deficit brings the Company's Liabilities as at 31st December, 1899, to £495,566 18s. 6d., after deducting the Cash and Cash Assets, including the value of Gold seized (£19,950) by the South African Republic.

The expenditure made from 1st January, 1900, consists of Licences, Salaries, &c., which amount to a comparatively small sum per month, to which must be added interest on the advances made by the Rand Mines, Limited.

Your Directors refer you to the General Manager's Report on the Company's operations from 1st August, 1899, to the closing down of the Mine.

F. ECKSTEIN, *Chairman*.
G. ROULIOT, *Director*.
F. RALEIGH, *Secretary*.

Cape Town,
2nd April, 1900.

PROVISIONAL BALANCE SHEET, 31st AUGUST, 1899.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	Cr.
To Capital—							
750,000 Shares of £1 each	750,000	0	0				
Less 100,000 Shares of £1 each in Reserve ..	100,000	0	0				
650,000 Shares.				650,000	0	0	
Share Premium Account—							
Premiums on Shares sold, as per Balance-sheet 31st July, 1899				100,000	0	0	
Rand Mines, Ltd.—							
Advances	490,000	0	0				
De Nationale Bank, Johannesburg—							
Head Office Account, Overdraft	491	10	7				
De Nationale Bank, Fordsburg—							
Manager's Account, Overdraft	7,432	12	6				
Sundry Creditors—							
On Account of Wages, Stores, &c.	12,697	2	2				
Balance—				510,621	5	3	
Balance of Working Expenditure and Revenue Account to 31st July, 1899	3,769	10	11				
Balance of Working Expenditure and Revenue Account for month ending 31st August, 1899 ..	6,415	2	9				
				10,184	13	8	
							£1,270,805 18 11
By Claim Property—							
184,077 Claims bought for							
600,000 Shares of £1 each				600,000	0	0	
Cash				2,491	12	6	
							602,491 12 6
Mine Development—							
No. 1 Shaft, Vertical	55,490	6	2				
No. 2 Shaft, Vertical	41,199	0	11				
Development	236,131	17	6				
				332,751	4	7	
Machinery and Plant				237,039	12	5	
Buildings				79,916	91	1	
Reservoirs				6,080	7	3	
Tree Planting and Fencing				371	16	4	
							648,159 19 8
Stores and Materials—							
In Stock	9,041	5	0				
In Transit	782	4	9				
				9,823	9	9	
Live Stock and Vehicles				397	10	0	
Office Furniture				321	5	1	
Bearer Share Warrants				668	3	10	
							11,210 8 8
Cash at Mine				795	8	10	
Gold Consignment Account				6,393	1	8	
Native Passes				195	4	0	
				7,393	14	6	
Sundry Debtor				1,650	3	7	
							20,154 6 9
							£1,270,805 18 11

F. RALEIGH, *Secretary*.

F. ECKSTEIN, *Chairman*.
G. ROULIOT, *Director*.

PROVISIONAL WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE ACCOUNT FOR ONE MONTH ENDING 31st AUGUST, 1899.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Mining Expenses				13,960	10	0			
Milling Expenses				2,449	13	1			
Cyaniding Expenses				1,968	3	7			
General Expenses, Mine				1,474	1	3			
General Expenses, Head Office—									
Salaries	115	16	8						
Stationery, Printing, Advertising, Postages and Telegrams				17	11	9			
Directors' and Auditors' Fees				15	1	0			
Licences				73	5	0			
Interest				2,955	6	11			
Sundry General Expenses				52	12	6			
				3,229	13	10			
Balance—							23,102	1	9
Profit on month's working, carried to Provisional Balance Sheet							6,415	2	9
							£29,517	4	6
By Gold Account—									
Mill							19,688	9	10
Cyanide Works							9,828	14	8
							29,517	4	6
							£29,517	4	6

F. RALEIGH, *Secretary*.

F. ECKSTEIN, *Chairman*.
G. ROULIOT, *Director*.

ROBINSON GOLD MINING COMPANY, LTD.

NOTICE to BEARER SHARE WARRANTS.

AS the fees hitherto charged for Share Warrants to Bearer have not covered the cost of production, Notice is hereby given that on and after the 15th day of May, the fees will be raised from 6d. to 1s. per Warrant, in addition to the regular application fee.

By Order,

ANDREW MOIR,

London Secretary.

London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
8th May, 1900.

STANDARD BANK of SOUTH AFRICA, Ltd.

(Bankers to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope.)

Head Office, 10 Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and
90 Branches in South Africa.

Subscribed Capital (31st December, 1899) .. £4,950,400
Paid-up Capital .. £1,230,850
Reserve Fund .. £1,167,800

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